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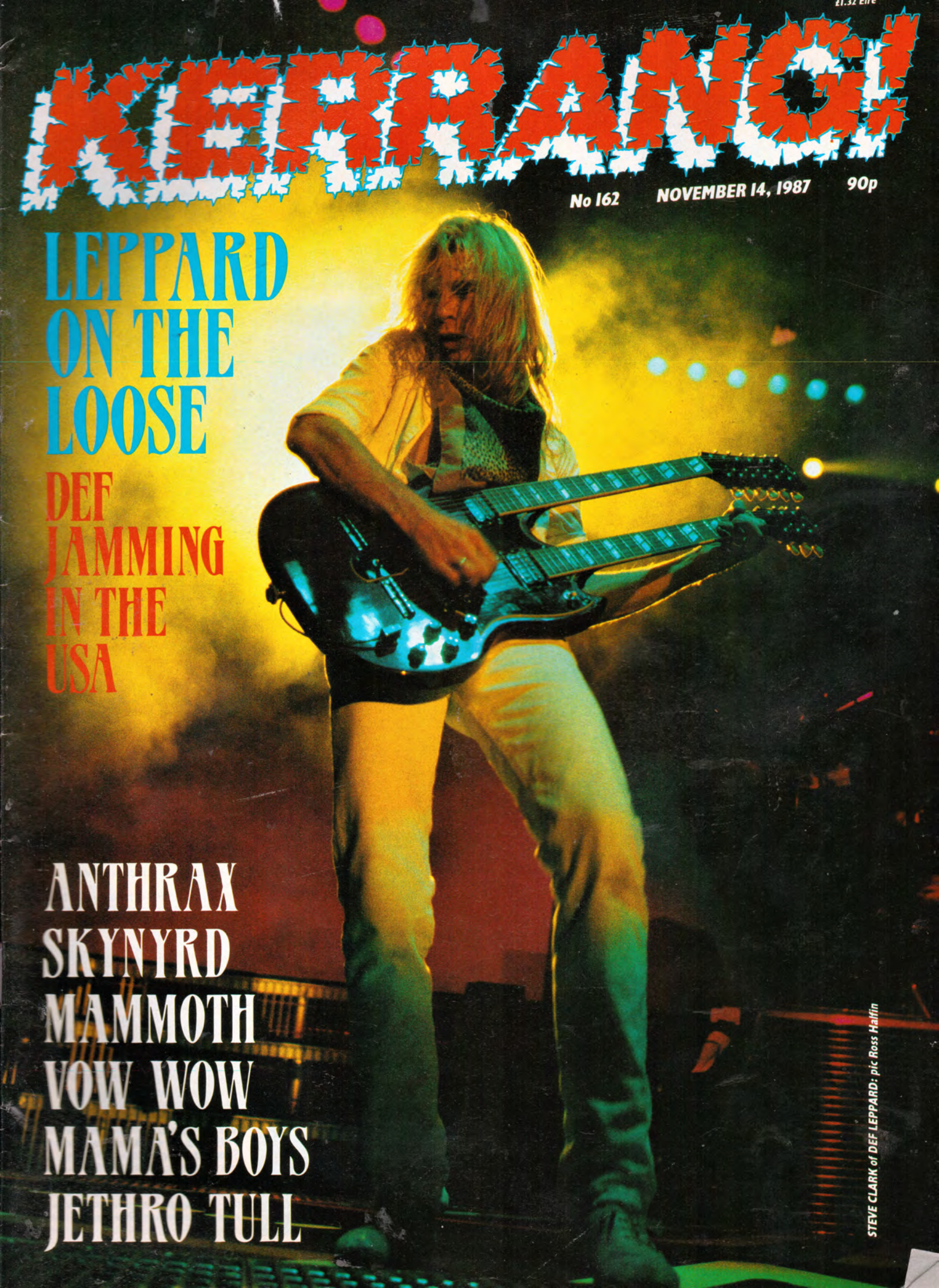
KERRANG!

No 162 NOVEMBER 14, 1987 90p

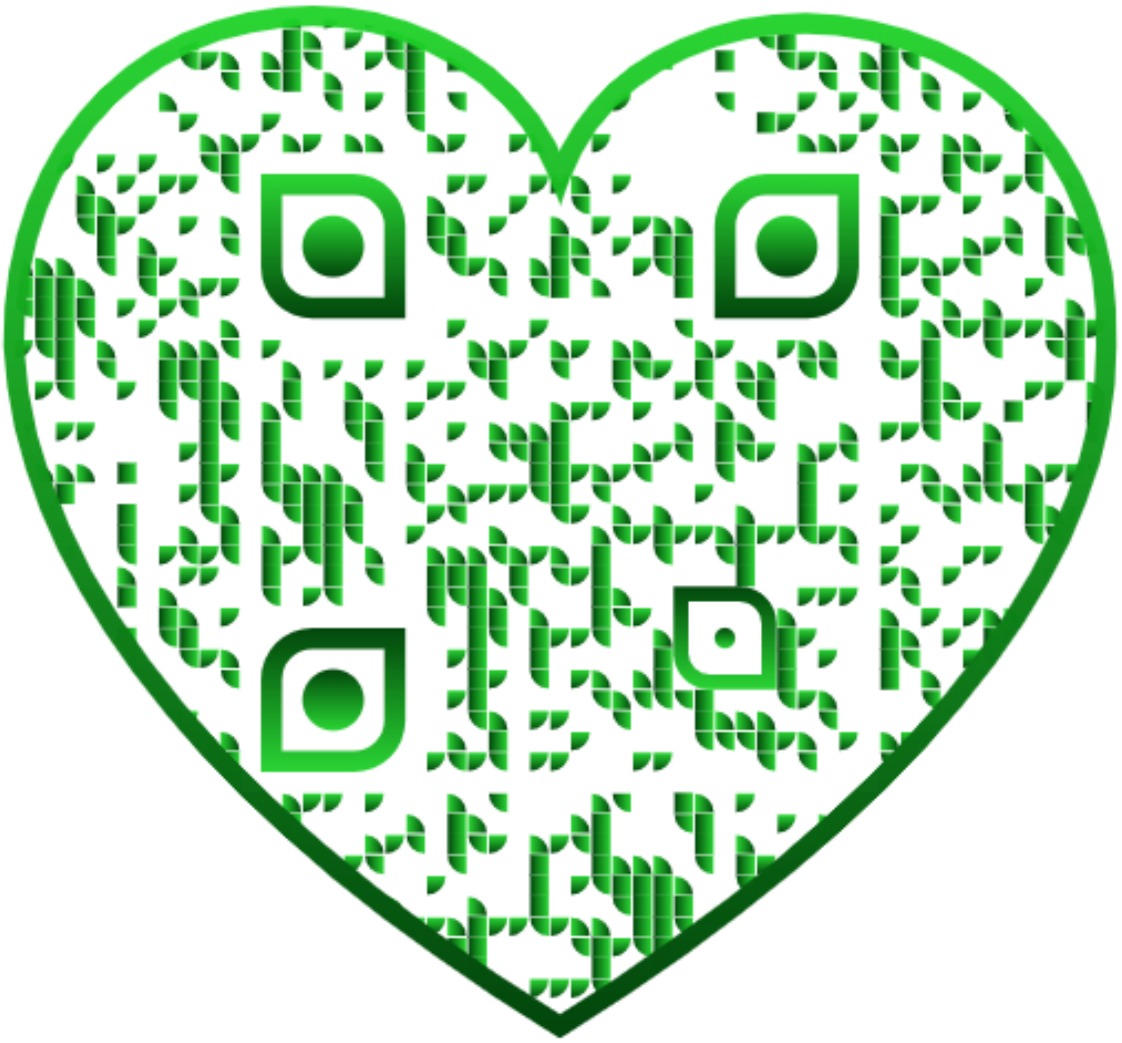
LEPPARD ON THE LOOSE

DEF JAMMING IN THE USA

ANTHRAX
SKYNYRD
MAMMOTH
VOW WOW
MAMA'S BOYS
JETHRO TULL



STEVE CLARK of DEF LEPPARD: pic Ross Halfin



MAYHEM

SLAYER FLY SOUTH

■ *HOLD ON to those steel hats, cos **Slayer** are about to cave in skulls once more . . . only this time they plan to blanket even the most hardened of cynics in napalm nucleonics.*

*Put simply, the quartet begin work on their new album, '**South Of Heaven**', during November with producer **Rick Rubin**. The basic tracks should be recorded in Los Angeles, with the mixing stage taking place in Rubin's home town of New York.*

*It's been rumoured for some while that this LP would see the band putting on the brakes and going for a much slower, if doomier sound. And guitarist **Kerry King** (above, extreme right) certainly did nothing to dispel this story when he recently hailed us from LA.*

*"You'll find that 'South Of Heaven' is more in the style of the '**Show No Mercy**' album, except the speed factor has certainly been cut down. It'll have elements of say, '**Crionics**' or '**Tormentor**' in it, but with a lot less emphasis on mere fast playing. Yet, we'll also be heavier than ever!"*

*To date, the songs are still very much in the planning stages, with few of the titles confirmed. However, there will be one called 'South Of Heaven' (the lyrics for which are still being written, even as I type), plus one zombie-inspired feast called '**Live Undead**' ("We did a live record **Lines**'.*

"The title number is gonna be very slow, but you'll also be amazed by how heavy it's gonna sound," enthused King. "And we hope to have the LP out in the shops by early January, followed by a world tour that'll take us everywhere, including Britain. As yet, we're none too certain where the tour will begin, but rest assured we are coming back to the UK."

*Prior to releasing their own album, Slayer will be found on the '**Less Than Zero**' soundtrack (due out imminently on the Def Jam label, the same company called that some while back, but never featured a song with that title") and '**Read Between The** who'll be issuing the next Slayer opus). The band have contribued a version of the **Iron Butterfly** classic '**Inna Gadda Da Vida**'. So the obvious question is . . . what on earth possessed 'em to go for this late '60s track?!*

"We didn't wanna waste one of our numbers in case this record just disappears, and we'd wanted to do a cover for ages. So, this one just surfaced. We've stuck fairly close to the original, avoiding some Slayer speed moments, but the lead vocals do take some getting used to.

"We won't be putting this on the album, although it might be used as a future single B-side."

*As for the revived rumours of drummer **Dave Lombardo** jumping ship again, King has just this to say:*

"I don't know where that story started. Dave is still very much with us and everything is fine within the Slayer camp . . . at least as far as I'm concerned – ha!"

January 1988 is most definitely gonna be the time to fly south; book early and avoid disappointment!

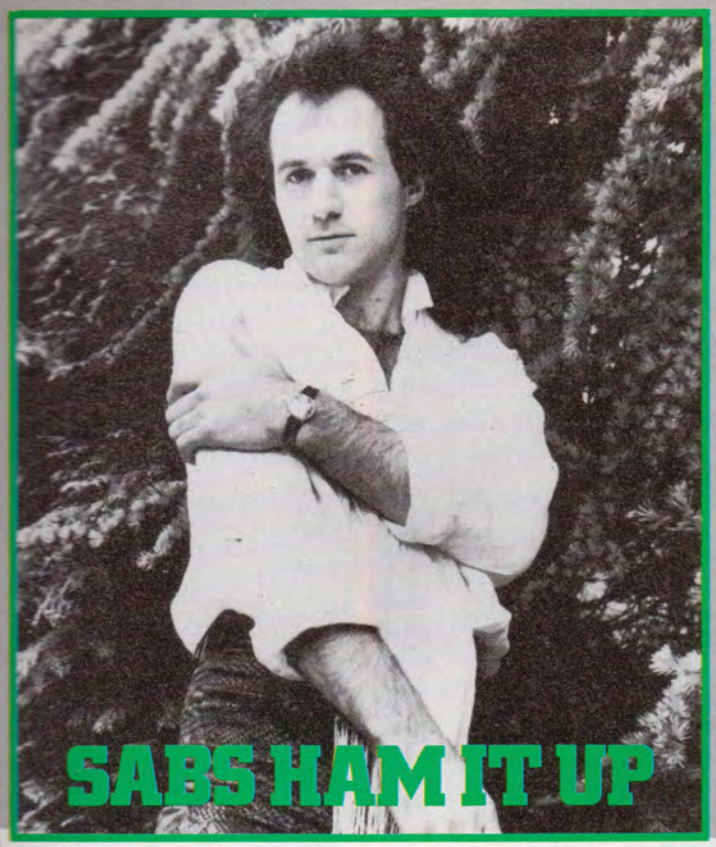
NEW 'DETH SQUAD

■ ***MEGADETH** HAVE now confirmed their new line-up. Joining lead guitarist/lead vocalist **Dave Mustaine** and bassist **Dave Ellefson** are drummer **Chuck Beehler** and guitarist **Jeff Young** (formerly with **Broken Silence**). Both Beehler and Young are 21 years old and, of course, the skinsman's name was first printed in* Mega Metal Kerrang! *issue eight.*

*The new duo are featured on the forthcoming Megadeth album (their third), which is due out on the Capitol label early next year. It's titled '**So Far, So Good . . . So What**' and was co-produced by **Paul Lani** with Mustaine. Among those numbers featured on the LP is a cover version of the **Sex Pistols**' '**Anarchy In The UK**', which has a guest appearance from ex-Pistols' guitarist **Steve Jones**.*

*The band will make their live debut in the UK with the fresh line-up at Leeds Queens Hall on December 13, headlining a bill also set to feature **Over Kill, Nuclear Assault**, the **Cro-Mags, VoiVod, Lääz Rockit, Virus** and **Sacrilege**. For full ticket details see Mayhem issues 160/161.*

*Following this date, the quartet will be heading out on the road in the US, supporting **Dio** on a bill also set to feature **Savatage**.*



SABS HAM IT UP

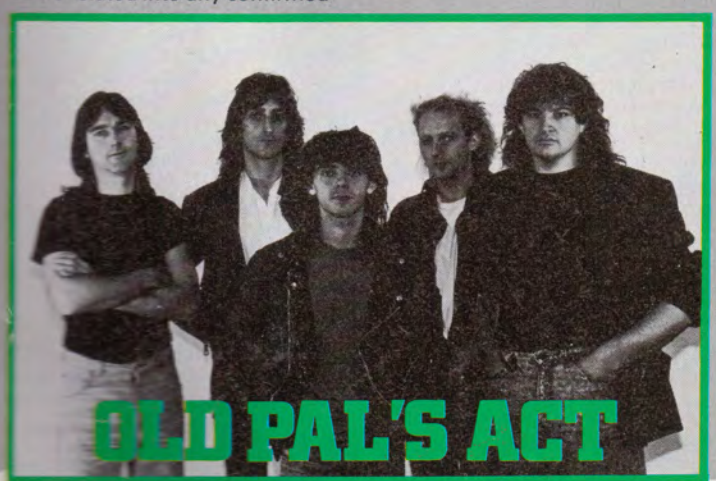
■ ***BLACK SABBATH*** *will be coming to the UK for one show on December 28 at the Hammersmith Odeon. Tickets are priced at £7/£6.*

The band for this date will be ***Tony Martin*** *(lead vocals, pictured above),* ***Tony Iommi*** *(lead guitar),* ***Terry Chimes*** *(drums),* ***Geoff Nicholls*** *(keyboards) and* ***Dave 'The Beast' Spitz*** *(bass). They are currently touring in Europe.*

■ FURTHER TO our recent stories in Mayhem concerning the proposed visit to the UK by **Ace Frehley** and his band, the *Kerrang!* office has been inundated with phone calls from fans keen to get in early for their tickets. However, we must stress that there has been *no* confirmation as yet on any date for the former **Kiss** guitarist here, the man currently touring with **Alice Cooper** in the States.

The stories we have run are based on intentions within the Frehley camp, which have yet to be translated into any confirmed gig/s. So, please refrain from calling us because at the moment we've no more information to give out. Rest assured, however, that as soon as we are told officially of any date we'll pass it on immediately through these pages.

The same situation is also currently true of **Heart**. Dates are being set up for the **Wilson** sisters and their cohorts, but none have been announced as yet. So please, just be patient a little longer and then we'll give you the entire scam.



OLD PAL'S ACT

■ ***PALLAS*** *HAVE recruited keyboardsman* ***Mike Stobbie*** *in place of* ***Ronnie Brown,*** *whose departure from the band is described as 'totally amicable'.*

Stobbie was the group's original keyboards player and Brown has been helping him get back into the swing of things with the Scots act.

The new line-up (pictured above) hope to release their third album, ***'Voices In The Dark'****, through an as-yet unnamed label next Spring.*

The band have also scheduled a gig at Birmingham Edwards No. 8 on February 4.

FAMILY FURY

■ *FORMER* ***RAINBOW*** *drummer* ***Bobby Rondinelli*** *(above) has finally put together a new band called* ***Rondinelli.*** *Aside from the sticksman, the group also features* ***Teddy Rondinelli*** *(lead vocals/guitar) and* ***Dorothy Rondinelli*** *(keyboards). And, yep you've guessed it, Teddy, Bobby and Dorothy are siblings.*

As yet, there's no more news on the band's plans, although they have been playing live in the New York area.

■ **QUIET RIOT** will be back into the studio shortly to finish off work on their new album with producer **Spencer Proffer.** The LP, as yet untitled, should be out on the Pasha/Epic label during March. As yet, the band haven't announced the name of a new bassist to replace **Rudy Sarzo,** who of course left the band to maintain his relationship with **Whitesnake.**

■ **FASTWAY** WILL release their latest album, **'On Target'**, through the GWR Records label early next year. The LP has been produced by guitarist **Eddie Clarke** and lead vocalist **Lea Hart,** who form the core of the band. Joining them on the LP are bassists **Neil Murray** (who appears on just one cut) and **Tim Carter** and drummer **Garry Ferguson.**

■ GERMAN BAND **Steeler,** whose debut album caused a considerable stir last year, are now working on a new LP in Germany. As yet few details have been relesaed on the project, although we understand that **Victory** lead vocalist **Charlie Huhn** is guesting on backing vocals.

SISTER GOES SOLO

■ ***TWISTED SISTER*** *lead vocalist* ***Dee Snider*** *(above) is to take a break from group activities to record a solo album. As yet, there are no more details available on the project, although it can be assumed that the LP will be released on the Atlantic label.*

However, this move isn't likely to lead to Twisted Sister splitting up. It's being stressed by all official sources that this does not mean the end of the quintet.

Twisted Sister recently finished a US tour, with ***Great White*** *and* ***TNT,*** *but plans for the band to tour Europe and the UK this year have now been scrapped.*

WET WET WET

JOHN WETTON explains that Asia certainly isn't dead. MALCOLM DOME breathes again

■ **JOHN WETTON**'S a busy man at the moment. He's currently promoting *three* albums which bear his stamp. There's the misguided **'Wetton-Manzanera'** LP (featuring a disappointing collaboration with former **Roxy Music** colleague, guitarist **Phil Manzanera**. This is out on the Geffen label), **'Phenomena II – Dream Runner'** (the conceptual follow-up to '85's **'Phenomena'**, which has John taking the lead vocals on a number of tracks, including current single **'Did It All For Love'**. This is due shortly on the Arista label, and for more information look no further than the last issue) and finally **'King's Road'**.

This last record is an eleven-track compilation effort, featuring representations of Wetton's work with **King Crimson, UK**, and also as a solo artist from 1972-80. It's on the EG label and the logic behind it is best explained by the highly-respected bassist/vocalist.

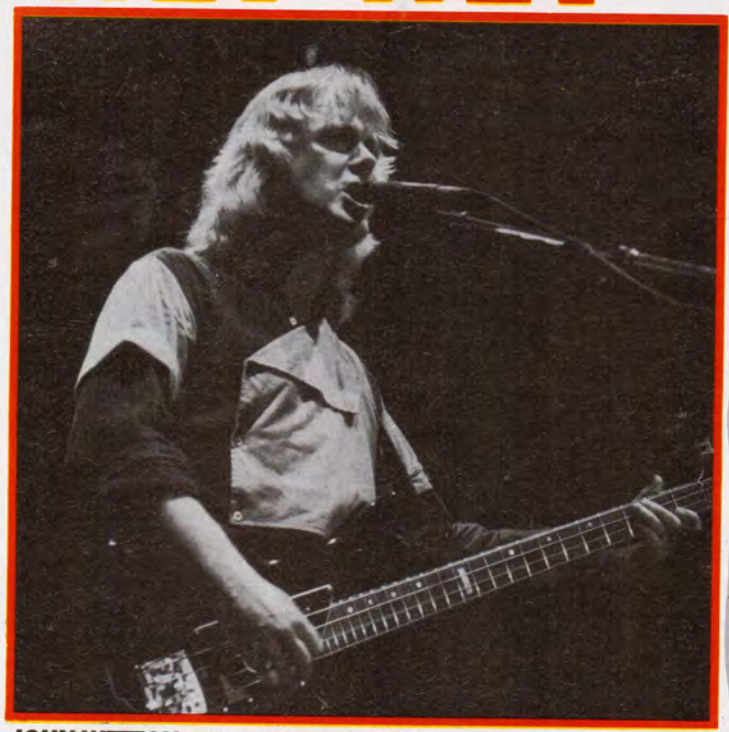
"EG have just switched their distribution from Polydor to Virgin and decided to have their entire back catalogue re-cut. They also felt that it would be a good idea to issue compilation LPs of all their artists. This is the first of a series.

"I compiled the LP myself and also had all the tracks re-mastered, although I did avoid the temptation of re-mixing them. I wanted to produce a representative album covering that period, but also one that flowed and had a sensible running order."

It's a good (re-)introduction to a man last seen in the headlines with **Asia**, now defunct . . . or are they?

"Oh no. Asia certainly *isn't* dead. At the moment, though, there are a number of contractual problems that need to be sorted out before we can even think about doing anything again.

"I'm still writing songs with **Geoff Downes** (keyboards). We've just been together in Norway, and as long as we're collaborating then Asia could always resurface."



JOHN WETTON: out on the road in '88

Since the release of the **'Astra'** LP in 1985 (Asia's third, and thus far last, offering), Wetton has limited his live appearances to a few club charity dates early last year in a band featuring **Robin George, Carl Palmer** and Manzanera, and a fun (not to mention *drunk*) performance at the Fulham Greyhound last Christmas in an ad hoc band put together for Warner Brothers Publishing Company's private party. So, when is he gonna hit the road again?

"Oh, probably in the new year. I wanted to put together a band and go out on tour before the end of 1987, but my booking agency suggested that it would be better to wait until early in '88. So, I'm just gonna sit quietly until then."

Well, Wetton may sit, but certainly *not* quietly. Recently, for example, he's gotten involved with Japanese maestros **Vow Wow**. He co-wrote their current single **'Don't Leave Me Now'** (the video for which marked the directorial debut of a certain **X. Russell**) and even produced the basic track, before **Ian Taylor** re-mixed it.

"Yeah, they just came round to my house and we worked out the idea for the song. My production is a lot harder than the official release and everybody who's heard it reckons my version to be stronger. I gather it's available in Japan at the moment, but nowhere else!"

He's also been writing songs with **David Cassidy**'s girlfriend, **Susan Shiffrin,** a much-respected songwriter in her own right. They've collaborated on two numbers and have even done 24-track demos of 'em. Ms. Shiffrin is looking for a recording deal and: "If we can find the right tune then we'll do a duet on it!"

So, Asia or solo artist, John Wetton is certainly in demand.

And that's the way it should be.

■ I WAS ashamed. Travelling to Liverpool to renew contact with five of the nicest guys in rock'n'roll, collectively known as **Anthrax**, I was greeted with the news that the band had suffered a robbery at the hands of cowardly thieves.

The group arrived in Liverpool late on Wednesday night (October 28) after a long and tiring journey from the Continent and went straight to bed at the hotel, leaving a certain amount of their belongings in the tour bus. Of course someone should have warned them about the possibilities/probabilities of thievery but the inevitable happened.

It looks as if about £10,000 worth of gear, both musical and personal, has been taken. The lads in the band were obviously very upset about the theft and passed on a list of items that they would very much like to see returned. It's YOUR duty as a rock fan to come forward if you have any information regarding the items stolen. Anthrax have always loved Britain and still do, but we could do without things like this tarnishing our reputation.

If you come across any of these items please get in touch with **Island Records, St. Peters Square, London** and help to get them back to the band.

MUSICAL EQUIPMENT STOLEN: Two Jackson Randy Rhoads guitars, personalised with 'No Drugs' graphics and 'Teenaged Mutant Ninja Turtles' graphics. Nady Cordless system. Digitex Digital Delay unit. Technics compact disc player.

PERSONAL EQUIPMENT: All **Scott Ian**'s Bermuda shorts, **Charlie Benante**'s 60 music cassettes including **Trust**'s greatest hits, **Danny Spitz'** complete set of **Aerosmith** CDs, his passport, all **Joey Belladonna**'s tee shirts including Anthrax's Japanese tour shirts, all his cassettes, wallet, passport and work papers.

HOWARD JOHNSON

■ **KOOGA** HAVE decided for the moment to go it alone in the quest to release new product. They will record a single, **'Don't Break My Heart'** (a stage fave), with producer (and **Fastway** vocalist) **Lea Hart** at the Chapel Studios in Leicester during December which will be issued during early January to coincide with a full UK tour.

■ **TNT** HAVE just begun pre-production on their new album in Spain and hope to begin recording this LP with producer **Bjorn Nessjoe** on January 11 for release next year through the Vertigo label.

Part of the album should be recorded in Denmark, with the remainder of the work taking place in New York.

■ **SAMSON** HAVE now left their management company, Handle Artists, and are currently seeking new representation. Interested parties should call **Joe** at Rondor Music on: **01-731 4161.**

In the meantime, the band play a show at Poole Mr. C's on November 11 before headlining a festival in Grenoble, Switzerland on November 14.

■ **W.A.S.P.** HAVE just released a limited edition version of their latest single, **'I Don't Need No Doctor'**, on the Capitol label. This is a red vinyl 45 in a picture bag, encased in a transparent, blood-filled sleeve.

■ **MÖTLEY CRÜE** have added a second night at the Birmingham NEC to their UK tour itinerary. This is on January 17. Tickets are available from the following outlets: **NEC Box Office, Odeon/ Ticket Shop** (Birmingham), **Goulds TV** (Wolverhampton), **Mike Lloyd Megastores** (Stafford/ Hanley/Newcastle-Upon-Tyne), **Piccadilly Records** (Manchester), **TLCA** (Liverpool), **Cavendish Travel** (Leeds/Sheffield), **Way Ahead** (Nottingham/Derby), **Town Hall** (Leicester), **Poster Place** (Coventry), **Ticket Shop** (Oxford) and **Virgin Records** (Bristol).

■ **BLACK ROSE** have just signed a US record label deal with K-Tel Records and will shortly release an album titled **'Walk It How You Talk It'**.

■ NEWLY ESTABLISHED US label Wycked Records is presently seeking hard rock and HM acts. Interested parties should send a tape/biography/ photo to: **Mike Walters, Wycked Records, c/o Star Communications, PO Box 67-d-05, Century City, California 90067, USA.**

■ **PAT BENATAR** is currently working on a new album in Los Angeles with producer **Narada Michael Walden.** The LP, as yet untitled, should be released by Chrysalis early next year.

■ BALTIMORE BAND **Dirty Looks** have just signed a deal with the Atlantic label. Their first album, likely to be produced by **Max Norman,** should be out on February 15.

■ WARFARE DRUMMER **Evo** is to produce the debut album from **Holosade.** This should be issued on the FM/Revolver label early next year. In the meantime, Warfare's latest single, **'Addicted To Mayhem Mix'**, has now had its release on the Neat label postponed due to copyright problems. This is essentially a cover version of **Robert Palmer**'s **'Addicted To Love'**.

It's now possible that the record will be given away free with copies of the next Warfare album, **'A Conflict Of Hatred'**, due out next Spring.

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NOUGHTS AND CROSSES

Queen drummer ROGER TAYLOR steps outside the royal confines with his new band THE CROSS, and plays 'Cowboys & Indians' with MARK PUTTERFORD

■ *ROGER TAYLOR steps through the door of a North London rehearsal studio in a long raincoat, dark glasses and a wide-brimmed hat, looking like he's just fallen off a bottle of Sandemann port. He's not feeling too good (too many lemonades at last night's* ***Dylan*** *concert), he's very late (something about an argument over a cheeseburger) and a brief encounter with the nauseating Radio One in his car en route has left him with plenty to moan about.*

"Are they all deaf at Radio One, or what?" he asks in a desperate voice. "All the stuff they play sounds exactly the same; it's ***Madonna****, followed by Madonna . . . followed by f**king Madonna! It's all lightweight s**t and I find it all very depressing. I mean, this is supposed to be our Great Music Station! Where's the f**king rock? That's what I wanna know. I just heard the new* ***Kiss*** *single in the car . . . but that's just a straight* ***Slade*** *rip-off anyway; hardly anything exciting.*

"Plus, the bastards won't play our new single!"

The perturbed ***Queen*** *drummer is referring to* ***'Cowboys & Indians'****, the debut single from his new band,* ***The Cross****. With guitarist* ***Clayton Moss****, bassist* ***Peter Noone****, drummer* ***Josh Macrae*** *and keyboard player* ***Spike Edney****, Taylor has decided to pursue the singing/songwriting/rhythm guitar/frontman side of a career that always threatened to be multi-faceted, and 'Cowboys . . .' is the first vinyl offspring of what promises to be a reasonably long term project on the Virgin label.*

"Of course, Queen haven't split up," Roger stresses before I even think of asking. "But the band has had a good run over the past couple of years, and we all decided that we should shut up for a couple of years and give people a rest," he adds, "especially the brainless idiots at Radio One who're probably sick of having to play Queen singles for the past 15 years, or whatever!

"The thing is though, I'm a musician and music is naturally a great part of my life, and if I'm not playing music I get very frustrated. Work, to me, is probably the most important thing in life. It's no good having lots of money and sitting at home doing nothing – I'd rather be a labourer than an idle rich slob.

"So the idea of getting back to basics, working hard and putting a new band like The Cross together is exciting. It's also very interesting for me, because I've got lots to learn about standing out there at the front on my own . . . but I'm enjoying it so far and it's all very refreshing."

Taylor's initial move towards forming The Cross was to actually write and demo some material himself, and then secure a record deal. It was always his intention, he claims, to create a band as opposed to a ***Sting****-like solo outfit, but as the only 'name' involved in the project the onus was on him to get the ball rolling.*

And, I suggest, the burden of cynicism will fall heavily on his shoulders, too.

"Yeah, I know that some people are going to be cynical," sez Roger, "but if I wanted this to be an ego-trip I would've called it The Roger Taylor Fab Combo, or something. No, this isn't me and a backing band, it's a new band of which I just happen to be a member – albeit a founder member!

"We've resigned ourselves to the fact that we're gonna have to play lots and lots of gigs from the ground up and really build the whole thing from scratch. I don't want people to say, 'Oh it's just the guy from Queen posing in his spare time', I want people to look at the band objectively and fairly and draw conclusions from there."

I've listened objectively and fairly to an advance tape of The Cross's forthcoming debut album, ***'Shove It'****, and the conclusion I currently draw is that the band show an appetising potential, but on record at least fail to fully satisfy. Rock raps and preened pop passages mix and mingle like VIP liggers at a Queen bash, and it's all quite pleasant stuff. But I doubt if I'm the only one who's listened to the delivery of tracks like 'Cowboys . . .',* ***'Love On A Tightrope'*** *and* ***'Love Lies Bleeding'*** *and wished for a little more raunch.*

"Yeah, it could've been raunchier," Roger admits, "but you must remember that we had to sell it to people and get a record deal to start with. And hey, it's not easy to get a record deal no matter what band you're in. I mean, ***Ringo Starr*** *hasn't got a deal . . . and he can't get one either! So we had to make sure that the record was commercially viable."*

"But wait 'til you see us live," adds guitarist Clayton Moss, "it'll be plus-10 raunch then! Okay, so maybe the record didn't come across as raunchy as we would've liked; in a recording studio the conditions aren't really conducive to that kind of sound. But in rehearsals I've been blown away by the power of it all. I mean, really!"

Pic Ray Palmer

THE CROSS: rock raps and preened pop passages mix and mingle like VIP liggers at a Queen bash. . .

"Yeah, live is where the band will come into its own," agrees drummer Josh Macrae, "and that's why we did 'Cowboys . . .' on 'The Roxy' live a few weeks back; we wanted to show peole that we're actually a band and not just a bunch of cardboard cut-outs with nice hairdos, standing behind synthesisers."

As the release of 'Shove It' will be delayed while Virgin test the waters of the UK market with singles, 'Cowboys . . .' will probably be the only song you've heard from The Cross at the moment. Personally, I'm not over-keen on it, but I promise there's some much more spiffing stuff on the elpee. So why was 'Cowboys . . .' released as the first single?

"I think having a big hit with your first single can actually be bad for a band," says Josh. "So I don't think anyone involved with this band expects or really wants the first single to be a huge Number One smash, and consequently the record company haven't hyped or plugged it as much as they could've done. What we wanna do is get ourselves known, gig like crazy, and then make a big push for a Number One an' stuff. At this stage I think it'd be unrealistic to count on having huge hits, but once the groundwork is done I don't see why we shouldn't happen."

One song that does promise to be a huge hit if it's released as a single is the poppy ***'Heaven'****, if only because it's sung by a certain* ***Freddie Mercury****. And Queen fans may also be interested to learn that* ***Brian May*** *appears briefly in a 'wah-wah' mood on an intriguingly-entitled track called 'Love Lies Bleeding (She Was A Wicked, Wily Waitress)'.*

"All the guys from Queen are keen on this project," says Roger, "and we all like to help each other on outside ventures."

But as all members of The Cross regularly point out, no-one wants this band to be simply sold on novelty value. Okay, so initial publicity will be centred around Roger who, after all, wrote all the tracks on 'Shove It' and handled percussion duties as well as playing rhythm guitar ("He's a competent rhythm player" – CM) and singing lead vocals. But the band are now writing as a quintet for the next album and plan to prove their strength as a band unit on the road in the New Year. Maybe they'll do ***'Strange Frontier'*** *(from Taylor's solo elpee), maybe they'll do Queen's* ***'I'm In Love With My Car'*** *(which Taylor wrote), but most of the time they promise me they'll be pursuing the raunchier aspirations of 'Shove It'.*

". . . Whether the tossers at Radio One like it or not!"

■ **CHROME MOLLY**, who have recently signed a major recording deal with IRS, have replaced long-standing guitarist **John Antcliffe**. 'Musical differences' were cited as one reason.

Antcliffe's replacement is **Tim Read**, a total unknown also from the Mollies' homeground of Leicestershire.

Vocalist **Steve Hawkins** describes Read as "A total hero – utterly unbelievable."

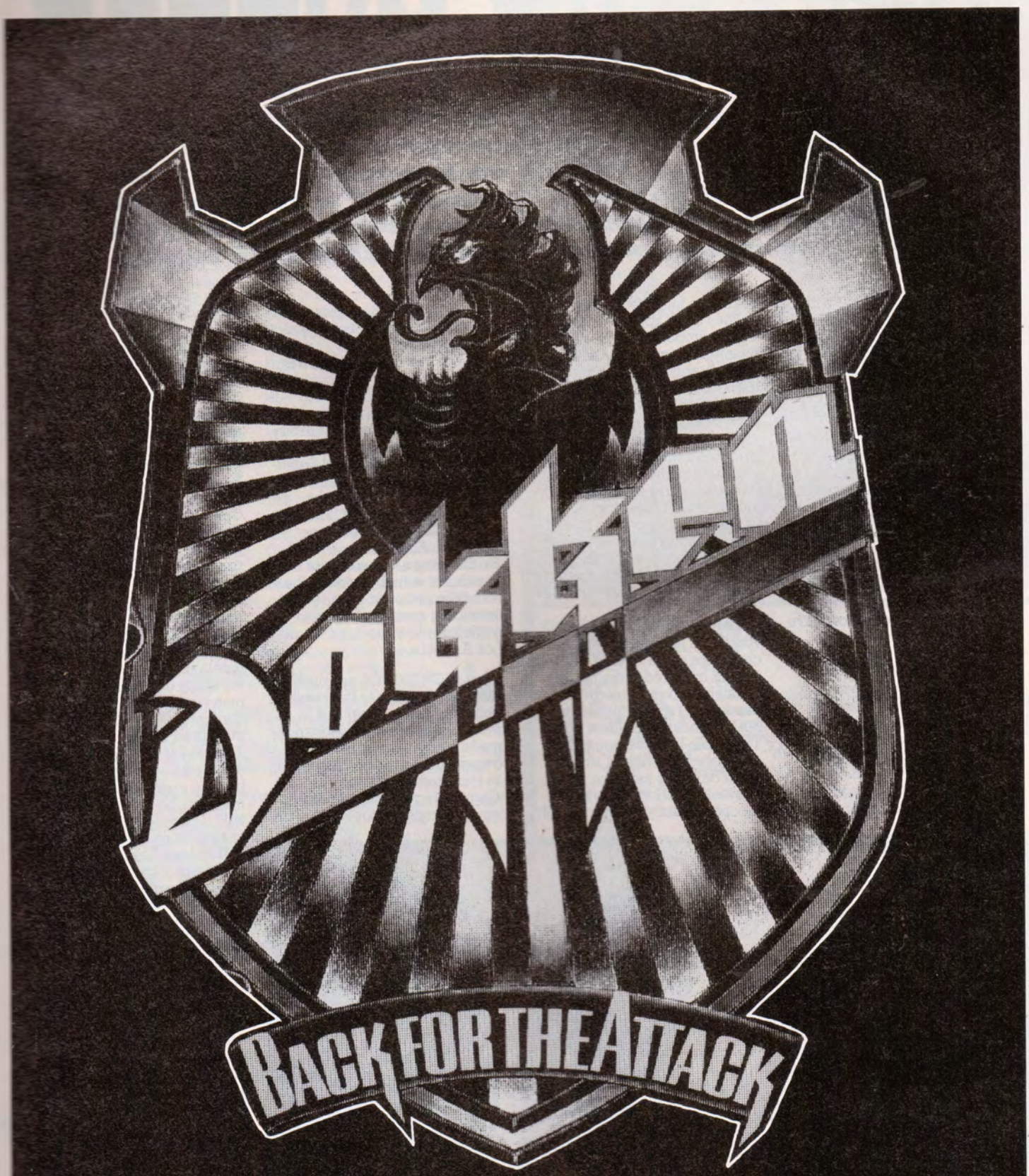
■ **JETBOY** WILL release their debut album on the Elektra label in the US during January. It's titled **'Feel The Shake'** and was produced by **Tom Allom**.

■ NEW JERSEY band **Attacker** will be releasing a new album titled **'The Second Coming'** through the Mercenary label in the US later this month. The full track listing is:

Side One: **'Lords Of Thunder'**, **'Desecration'**, **'Zero Hour'** and **'Revelations Of Evil'**.

Side Two: **'The Madness'**, **'Captives Of Babylon'**, **'Octagon'** (an instrumental) and **'Emanon'**.

The LP was co-produced by **Alex Perialas** and **Raven** drummer **Rob 'Wacko' Hunter** at Pyramid Studios in Ithaca, upstate New York, and the band's line-up is **John Leone** (lead vocals), **Pat Marinelli/Tom D'Amico** (guitar), **Lou Ciarlo** (bass) and **Michael Sabatini** (drums



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VOW AND MUTTER

They've been around since 1976, they've 15 or 16 albums to their credit . . . but Jap rockers VOW WOW have yet to make a significant impact here in the West. Will new LP 'V' and the muscle of the Arista record label enable these players of 'accessible Techno-Metal' to ascend into the major league? And what's the scam behind ex-Whitesnake bassist NEIL MURRAY's involvement with the band? DEREK OLIVER supplies the answers

IT'S INCREDIBLE to think that after recording something in the region of 15 or 16 albums since 1976 Vow Wow still sound so amazingly fresh. Improving all the time, by the minute I should imagine, this bunch of persistent yet jolly Japanese hard rockers have, against immense odds, refined and defined their accessible techno-Metal to a level of sophistication that appears to be winning them a genuine new lease of life.

Faced in the past with massive apathy, Vow Wow have taken ugly negativism by the scruff of the neck and fashioned a counter attack that has recently seen them secure a substantial record deal with Arista Records and an expanding grass roots following. Pushing their musical ability to the absolute limit and stunning those who've come into goods to make that aspiration become a fun-filled reality.

They don't appear to have much competition either. Loudness (signed to Atlantic) are arguably their nearest rivals but recently their output (I'm referring in particular to their contact with them, Vow Wow are certainly one of the brightest middle-league hard rock acts currently jockeying for a coveted slice of the major-league action. They've got all bases covered, musically and managerially, and with a new album simply titled 'V' in the shops the chances are you'll succumb to their charms in no time at all.

The perennial question of whether a Japanese Metal band can make some kind of leading impact in a predominantly Westernised rock medium is, thankfully, rapidly turning from not *whether* to a definite *when*. The signs, like I've pointed out, are already there and Vow Wow certainly have the right latest album 'Hurricane Eyes') has significantly failed to reach the required grade, a factor that I'm sure Vow Wow are only too eager to exploit.

Elsewhere the opposition is non-existent. The only significant groups to have emerged from Japan in the last couple of years may look pretty amazing on a visual level, what with their Cinderella-style glad-rags, but having to suffer their Godawful racket is another matter entirely. Sniper, Anthem, Marino, Sabbrabells, 44 Magnum, Action and Earthshaker are the best of the bunch but virtually none of these stand the remotest chance of upstaging even the mankiest outfit from Liverpool, let alone Los Angeles.

WHICH BRINGS us quite nicely back to the swell delights of Vow Wow and in particular to the major advances made by their latest album 'V' (representing victory according to the band's biography). Comprising ten quite spiffing cuts, the most noticeable advance in the Vow Wow scheme of things appears to be a concerted effort to fuse intense Metal dynamics with a generous usage of melody giving vocalist Genki Hitomi all the room in the world to emphasise his improved lyrical enunciation to the point where you'd hardly notice he was Japanese.

To my mind, the fact that Genki has now adapted and altered his vocals from a mass of jumbled jibberish to clear pronunciation means that the band has a real chance of obtaining airplay on British and, more importantly, American rock radio, the key to any long-term success. That factor, together with the stylish guitar virtuosity of Kyoji Yamamoto, a man whose technical competence can surely be measured alongside that of Yngwie J Malmsteen, has elevated their composing and playing power into areas which may now be developed for, well, I guess at least another 15 or so albums.

However, like I've already indicated, it hasn't been plain sailing. In order to arrive at their present position they've had to make several difficult sacrifices including a permanent base-shift from Tokyo to London, acquiring new and more effective management, having to suffer what can only be described as racial intimidation and recently, and perhaps most depressing of all, losing long-time bassist Kenji Sano – a dynamite player.

THANKFULLY THE latter loss has been sweetened considerably by the arrival of Neil Murray, one of Britain's most respected and experienced bass players. Splitting his active duties between blues rockers MGM (led by Bernie Marsden) and Vow Wow, Murray has consistently claimed that he is only helping out both bands on a temporary basis whilst considering a more permanent position as and when that becomes available elsewhere.

For my pocket money I reckon Murray's involvement with Vow Wow represents a far more tangible proposition, should he so choose, than the slightly dated blues boogie of

VOW WOW (Neil Murray second right): "Whether I'm in the band or not, I think they definitely have the capability to make a big commercial impact"

MGM. Comparing the musical contribution doffed out to each band both live and on vinyl a permanent secondment to the Vow Wow camp would certainly seem the logical conclusion. But for the time being Murray insists that he is only on loan.

"It's hard for me to commit myself to either project at the moment because I'm trying very hard to make a point of keeping my independence. The reason for that is because I haven't had too good a deal recently when people have assumed that I'm a particular member of a band (referring obviously to Whitesnake). My options are open, and in that way I can keep as busy and financially solvent as possible."

Neil was introduced to the Vow Wow camp through a series of interrelated events, one of which was playing on the 'Phenomena II – Dream Runner' album alongside various other Vow Wow members, with the result that he eventually agreed to step in and play bass on their new album. Recorded in the warm and no doubt sunny climate of Ibiza and produced to a more than satisfying degree by Kit Woolven, Neil's contribution has certainly enhanced the album, helping to refine the techno hard rock style into a more tangible framework.

"Everything was fairly structured and sorted out when I stepped in," Neil told me whilst running his index finger around the top of a glass of Perrier water. "They even had the music written out to help me!

"We get on very well musically and socially but sometimes it's quite demanding because of the obvious language difficulties. Their humour is a little strange but most of the time it's a very pleasant environment. Mind you, when we were in Japan recently I really started to miss having a casual conversation. Most of the time I had to rely on a combination of bizarre hand gestures and monosyllabic words and you wouldn't believe how draining that can be.

"Musically it's very enjoyable. They rehearse a lot, take it seriously, attempt to reproduce everything to the last note and give the same level of high performance each time. Whether I'm in the band or not I think they definitely have the capability to make a big commercial impact. To be honest, it would be better if I wasn't in the band because then they could at least claim to be entirely Japanese."

MY CONVERSATION with Neil Murray may be mentally stimulating but it certainly wouldn't be complete without raising the subject of Whitesnake. Yup, I know this story is supposed to be about Vow Wow's rise to gold 'n' glory and all that, but let's take a short departure for a few paragraphs to find out exactly what the current score is between Neil and David Coverdale.

Firstly, at what point did you cease to become a member of Whitesnake?

"Nobody to this day has told me officially that I'm not a member of Whitesnake," Neil is at pains to point out. "It's not that I think I have a God given right to be in the band but, well . . .

"I *do* know that David wasn't happy with me joining MGM, but a few weeks before that he called me to say that they couldn't afford to keep paying my retainer and he'd understand if I did something else to keep the money coming in. I was led to believe things were fine but they obviously weren't.

"The trouble with David, and I mean this in all seriousness, is that with him it's out of sight out of mind. If you aren't literally in the same place as him then it doesn't cross his mind that you exist. He goes on about the lack of support from some members of the old band but I've seen both sides of the story and as far as I'm concerned that certainly isn't always the case."

Are you bitter?

"Yes, I suppose I am to some extent. One of the things that gets me is when fans see Rudy Sarzo on the videos they probably don't even stop to look at the album sleeve to see who actually plays on the song. Frankly, it wasn't just a question of playing a bit of bass, because I contributed to that album in other ways, like for example there are certain chord sequences that I should be credited with and haven't been.

"The most annoying thing about all this though is that David has always been the one to give his version of events in the press and they've tended to be extremely wide of the truth. His favourite moan always revolves around the fact that when someone joins Whitesnake they're the greatest thing since sliced bread, then a couple of years later it's, 'Oh, he's an idiot, lazy etc'. You can't have it both ways."

I PRESUME all this will be thrashed out sometime in the future, but in the meantime Neil's commitment is firmly behind his temporary membership with Vow Wow . . .

"We recently played the Budokan Hall in Japan, it was only our fifth gig together but I started to feel a lot more comfortable with the whole situation," concludes Neil, obviously savouring the memory.

Catch Vow Wow on tour or you may never get the chance to witness such an interesting coupling again. See yer down the front.

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LYNYRD SKYNYRD
Nassau Coliseum,
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I'M SURE everyone knows the story; how, 10 years ago, a plane crash took the lives of Lynyrd Skynyrd band members Ronnie Van Zandt (vocalist), Steve Gaines (guitarist), Cassie Gaines (back-up vocalist) and road manager Dean Kilpatrick. The band were wildly popular and on their way to becoming even more so, with fans all around the world.

With a revamped line-up that stays very close to family roots, the new Lynyrd Skynyrd have taken up the torch where it was dropped. Billed as a 'Tribute Tour', the 10-piece grouping have hit the road in America for a 32-performance trek that leaves not a dry eye in the house.

Opening the shows are the Rossington Band, fronted by guitarist Gary and his wife, vocalist Dale Krantz-Rossington. Both musicians do double duty, as they are also members of Skynyrd – Gary obviously as one of the three guitarists in the group and Dale as half of the back-up singing duo known as the New Honkettes (Carol Bristow is her partner here). In effect, this means that the Rossingtons will have completed *64* performances by the end of the tour; and there's talk of a possible Japanese stretch of concerts as well!

Immediately after intermission, the lights go down and the spotlight hits a roly-poly, jolly short man with white hair and a long white beard who is introduced to the cheering crowd as Lacy Van Zandt, father of the late Ronnie and younger brother Johnny, the current lead vocalist. Naturally, he is received with thunderous applause.

A friendlier, more cheerful man would be hard to find; the genuine love and delight he feels about being on the road with this tribute tour pours out of his very being. When he shakes your hand with a very firm grasp and looks straight into your eyes to tell you how glad he is to meet you, it's obvious that he means it. Oh, that disarming Southern gentility.

Onstage, the band start the show with 'Working For MCA', the song the group has traditionally launched its concerts with since the beginning. MCA is, of course, the record label to which Skynyrd are signed, and it's an in-joke that goes over very well with the record label representatives who turn up for the shows from city to city.

Nassau Coliseum was absolutely packed. With video screens placed off to the sides of the stage, fans in every direction could see at least part of what was going down onstage. Across the back of the stage was hung a huge Confederate flag. The place was primed. It looked the part.

Johnny – who was celebrating the signing of his own Johnny Van Zandt Band to Atlantic Records that night – not only sounds uncannily like Ronnie but cuts a striking figure of his own onstage. He's a beefy, burly, big ol' blond boy. He has that solid look typical of a Southern boogie band – facial hair, tight jeans an' all – so it was a bit of a surprise to see him sporting a spiky/moussed/teased crop-top hairdo crowning his long locks. However, this particular look disappeared as the show went on, the man sweating from head to toe, pouring out his energy through the songs he belted into the mike.

The audience, on the other hand, looked tailor-made for the band . . . and these boys had the crowd eating out of the palms of their hands. Every word, every guitar chord and note struck on the keyboard was met with a huge roar of delight. The sound was loud, the lights were bright, the audience drunk (or extremely happy) and verbal.

The first tune blended into 'I Ain't The One', and by the time the band were into 'Saturday Night Special', the third number, it was obvious to everyone there that this Lynyrd Skynyrd sounded pretty much like the old Lynyrd Skynyrd.

Introduced by guitarist Ed King as the group's 14th show of the tour but "the best crowd yet", the next two songs were heralded with the words "there is a warning in this song about drugs. Drugs almost ruined my life," said King in earnest, "and a drug-free life is a better way". Although the words are trite and perhaps sound a bit too scripted, the sincerity in them shone through. Apparently, a drug-rehab group in Atlanta heard about this nightly patter and asked King to cut some public service announcements for their organisation, based on his true life story. The man was only too happy to oblige, and the word from inside the Skynyrd camp is that he really, truly hopes it helps.

Naturally, the band went into 'Needle And Spoon' followed by 'That Smell', and by the time the latter song hit the second note, 17,000 fans in the hall were on the mark, set to go.

Backstage, the 10-year-old son of drummer Artimus Pyle was walking through the hallways wearing a black beret tipped at an angle, carrying a techno-black Steinberger Huhner bass. Pyle Jr. was expertly strumming the thing without missing a beat, looking perfectly at ease and like king of the arena.

Meanwhile, back onstage, the band was well into proceedings. The smoking guitar sound that is

NO GUTS...NO GLORY

***LYNYRD SKYNYRD** (main pic) and the **ROSSINGTON BAND** (inset)*

their trademark rang through the Coliseum as Rossington took to playing his instrument with his teeth. Need I tell you that the crowd went bananas?

Of course, Skynyrd delivered all the songs you'd expect – 'I Know A Little', 'Gimme Three Steps', 'Call Me The Breeze', 'Swamp Music', 'You Got That Right', the ever popular 'What's Your Name', 'Gimme Back My Bullets' and 'Simple Man' – with a mean version of the traditional 'Dixie' (as in "you ain't just whistling . . .") ushering in 'Sweet Home Alabama'. By the time they got to this number, the entire orchestra floor was on their feet, holding their hands overhead, pointing fingers at the stage as one.

The band went off into the wings, but no-one believed the show was over. Far, far from it; the highlight was still to come.

The anxiously awaited 'Free Bird' was every bit as dramatic as anyone could have anticipated. The video screens sprung to life with mostly-snapshot photos of late band members Ronnie Van Zandt, Steve and Cassie Gaines and the group in action-home-movies as they used to be. Krantz-Rossington and Bristow left the stage, as did singer Johnny, hugging and kissing everyone in the immediate backstage area with genuine love and affection. It was truly emotional, and most sincere. The whole band donned the New York Ranger jerseys they had been given as a gift from the hall, and the feeling of unity this spread was infectious.

The stories are true – *yes*, there is a spotlight fixed on a lone mikestand in the middle of the stage, left unused and as a stirring memorial while the band play an instrumental version of this, their most famous song. I understand that in most cities the audience is less reserved then they seem to be here in Long Island; while we Easterners waited for the chorus to mouth the words and sing along, elsewhere the fans just jumped straight in, singing at the tops of their voices from the very first chord.

Although this is billed as a tour where the musicians onstage pay tribute to fallen former members, I think the show ended with the clear-cut impression that it is the *fans* who are paying tribute to the group. Randall Hall is the guitarist who plays Allen Collins' parts, Leon Wilkinson is the bassist and Billy Powell the man on piano and keyboards. The group's philosophy is that "this is a tribute tour to the fans and the music; all else is secondary to that". As Powell says from the stage each night: "It's 10 years wiser, 10 years older, and 10 years later". If you closed your eyes and just listened and felt the show, you'd think it was 1977 again, and you'd feel thankful for it.

This configuration of Lynyrd Skynyrd are "really happy to be out there," and it shows in every sound, every move they make onstage.

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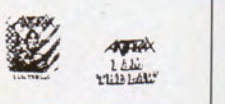

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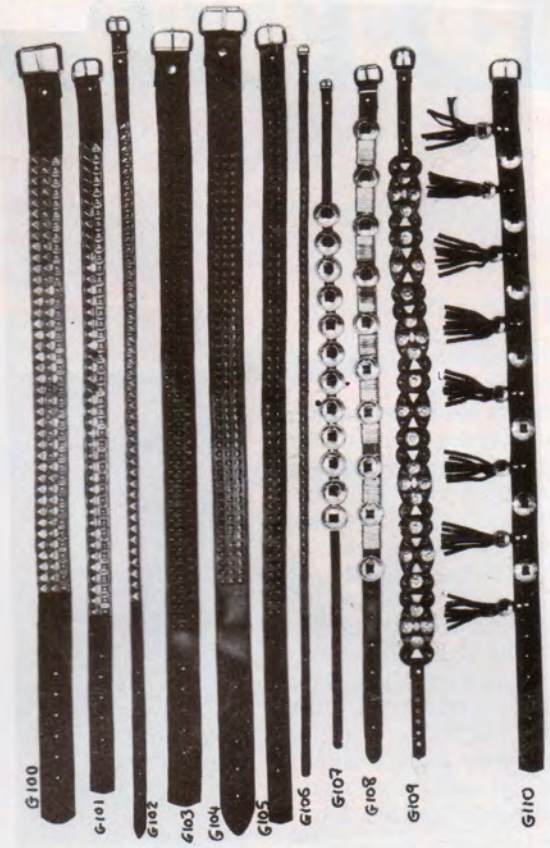

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'BEL BOYZ

Already well-known in America and Japan, GENE LOVES JEZEBEL have yet to make the big breakthrough in Europe, where they tend to be lumped in with the 'Alternative' scene. After talking to vocalist brothers JAY & MICHAEL ASTON, however, PAUL 'no make-up' HENDERSON reckons we might do well to think again . . .

PEOPLE TEND not to know much about Gene Loves Jezebel. They're one of those unfortunate bands who suffer from an identity problem, for the most part a state of affairs not of their own making. For reasons best known to those who are guilty – and even they might have difficulty explaining why – GLJ are regularly lumped in with the likes of The Cult, the Sisters Of Mercy and the Mission for the purposes of identification and categorisation. Consequently, people who are familiar with those bands and have also decided that they have little to offer, end up giving GLJ a similarly wide berth without even listening to them . . .

"The difference between us and those bands," comes vocalist Michael Aston's snap answer, with a slight but noticeable grin, seemingly unconcerned that his statement could start an inter-band ruck, "is that we can *play!*

"Seriously though, there *is* a big difference. I'm not knocking any band who does their thing, but they are very different to what we do. I think that for us to be lumped in with those bands is a major misconception. If a fan of one of those bands picks up a Gene Loves Jezebel record it's going to be a pretty shocking experience!"

Another section of the record-buying public doubtless takes one look at the 'image' of GLJ presented to them on record sleeves and in magazine shots – two guys (vocalist brothers Jay and Michael Aston) with heavy make-up, ribbons in their hair and an overall suggestion of a strong narcissistic streak – and simply side-steps what they expect to be a synth-doodling duo, a manufactured pop-package or . . . basically, *anything* other than what they actually *are*.

"We've always kicked against that," says Michael (at least I *think* it's Michael; they sound so bloody alike on tape!), "because it doesn't make sense visually and aurally – to look at a photograph of two people and then hear this *rock* band. The connection isn't there. We

JAY & MICHAEL ASTON: "We're a hard rock group that deals in songs"

haven't really given people a chance to see what Gene Loves Jezebel *is*. They just have a curious notion drawn from the photographs and the records; they've never been able to envisage it as a live band. But there's nothing on the record that we can't do live."

"For us it's very simple," continues Jay. "We're a hard rock group that deals in songs. But it's a *real group*, that goes out there and plays. We can plug in anywhere and we'd sound the same anywhere. We haven't toured here, so what's obvious to us isn't obvious to everyone else."

THE MULTI-FACETED confusion is *very* unfortunate, because Gene Loves Jezebel are a hell of a good rock band, both on record *and* on stage, as anyone who takes the time to really listen to their more recent records or catch one of their all-too-infrequent gigs will find out.

Their previous album, 'Discover', was "a frustrating album for us," says Jay, "because we believed that there were some great songs on there that just got lost a bit."

And considering the inclusion of such expressive numbers as 'Desire', 'Beyond Doubt' and the superb 'Heartache', I can only sympathise with the band for feeling disappointed at its lack of impact.

Certainly their new LP, 'The House Of Dolls' (guaranteed to be in the top three of *my* albums of the year), is a knock-out, and should be purchased forthwith. It's an album that contains a richness and a diversity of songwriting coupled with some excellent musical performances that I've found over the last couple of weeks to be absolutely compelling.

One of the most positive aspects is the guitar playing of James Stevenson, an enormously talented player whose musicality, in addition to the quality of the band's songwriting, makes a major contribution to the strength of 'The House Of Dolls'. Whether supplying the ferocious powerchord backbone to 'Gorgeous' (the next single, released Nov. 16) and the devastatingly catchy 'Suspicion', or punctuating 'Twenty Killer Hurts' or the quite beautiful 'Every Door' with a range of stabbing licks that display a Jeff Beck-ish palette of tonal colour, the impression is of a gifted, creative and exciting player.

The Astons, too, are impressed with this relatively new, taut string which was added to the band's bow with the arrival of Stevenson, whom Michael describes as "scintillating; an *extremely* good player." An accurate description, as it turns out.

MICHAEL AND Jay are, understandably, very enthusiastic about the band just now, seeing it as a new outfit more or less just starting out and without a skeletons-in-the-cupboard history that might later haunt them.

Jay: "The way the press put it across you'd swear we've been 'banging at the door' for ever; but we haven't even walked *to* the door until now. It's funny to be doing interviews in England. The press know so little about us because they never come to the shows. Which is nice for us – we don't have to sit down defending ourselves all day because they don't have too much to chuck at us."

By their way of thinking it's only fairly recently – in fact, since the arrival of bassist Pete Rizzo and Stevenson – that the band has become a cohesive working unit (and the songwriting credits on '. . . Dolls' indicate this collective input) rather than a vehicle for the Aston brothers' 'experimentations'. It's therefore likely that '. . . Dolls' is the first album to be *truly* representative of what the band are about.

Currently on a European tour, giving them the first real exposure to that market, GLJ are obviously hoping to repeat the success that they've achieved in America, where the single 'Desire' reached Number 9 in the Billboard dance chart and the tour, informs the press release, *'elevated the band to concert hall and screaming girl status'*.

It seems they also did particularly well in Japan, where rock fans put great store on both a strong visual image and a heavyweight guitar player. GLJ, of course, have both.

Michael: "Yes, we did great. A lot better than most English bands. There's a lot of heavy rock fans – people into bands like Ratt – who like us."

Jay: "America was a good opportunity for us to play outdoors, and more venues than we've ever played before. And we've always had a large girl audience, like any great rock group.

"We've never toured Europe, though. We're going there for the first time really. It's only England, America and Japan that we've given any time to."

I hear constant moanings and mutterings these days about how American bands are once again dominating the British and European markets. And how there are precious few Brit rock acts coming through with anything like the class, clout and charisma to even get *into* the race. Perhaps those doing the complaining should look a bit more carefully at bands like the one we have here.

As I said at the beginning, not many rock fans seem to know much about Gene Loves Jezebel. But on the evidence of the gig that I saw them play and the new album, the loss is the fans', not the band's.

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Candlemass NIGHTFALL

METAL FORCES 99/100

CANDLEMASS
Nightfall
(Axis)

"Nightfall" is CANDLEMASS' second full album (discounting the "Nemesis" EP) and shows a huge leap forward on their debut "Epicus Doomicus Metallicus" which is initself an essential buy for any true metal fan.

What I find exciting about this band most of all is their ability to play metal so powerful (*not fast* but POWERFUL) that any genuine HM fan cannot fail to succumb to their charms. On "Nightfall" we get six main tracks – every one a gem – which should appeal to everyone from the hardest thrasher to the average MAIDEN or PRIEST fan – and of course everyone in between too.

Put simply, CANDLEMASS have mixed some early SABBATH (circa "Master Of Reality"), some early RAINBOW (circa "Rising") some METALLICA (no rip-offs though) and added plenty of their own original style to produce a unique sound. Why the hell can't any English bands realize this is the sort of HM fans really want to hear – not some watered down American AOR sounding crap.

So on to the songs. The LP opens with the haunting intro of "Gothic Stone" before launching into "The Well Of Souls", an epic in the "Stargazer" mould but heavier. Check out the middle section which is unbelievably intense. At all times though the song retains a powerful melody.

"At The Gallow's End" is up next and from a slow acoustic intro a riff of mammoth proportions bursts through. This is one of the two more up tempo songs, which is a headbangers delight and also has a stunning lead break from the new Yngwie – Lasse Johansson. "Samarithan" closes the side and we're at real doom pace here, but this sounds as though there are ten rhythm guitarists playing at the same time – the chorus is remarkably haunting as well.

Leif Edling's lyrics are at all times faultless and sung brilliantly by ex-MERCY vocalist Messiah Marcollin who has a unique voice which is so suited to the changing moods and tempos in CANDLEMASS' music. Each song tells a different mythical tale and is lyrically far more intelligent than anything DIO has ever come up with.

Side two opens with a revamped version of that old Chopin classic "The Death March". This will obviously become the bands theme song! One of the best tracks of 1987, is next "Dark Are The Veils Of Death" which surpasses everything for heavy riffing.

"Mourners Lament" is pure doom which grows into an epic after a couple of plays. The story of a father whose son is lost and his torment over the boys death. Again an ultra-heavy middle section which I'm sure METALLICA would love to have created.

"Bewitched" is the LP's closer and is another melodic, but heavy, epic and again the rhythm guitar of Mats Mape Bjorkman is working overtime. Leading to the ominous outro of "Black Candles" the LP ends in the style it began. Power, heaviness, class – CANDLEMASS have discovered a formula to keep everybody happy.

A special mention must go to the production on this platter for Ragne Wahlquist who has achieved a crisp heavy sound that compliments CANDLEMASS' style perfectly.

All in all a truly devastating release which should also be available in the US on Metal Blade shortly.

BERNARD DOE

CANDLEMASS
'Nightfall'
(Axis LP 4)
KKKK

THERE I was, minding my own business, when some twat slipped the new Candlemass album on the stereo and all hell broke loose. First the ceiling came tumbling down, then the walls cracked and finally a terrific bolt of lightning shot out of the thundery sky and zapped me in the armchair. It's well eerie!

Now it's not that I'm a big fan of true heavy rock, as most will testify, but every now and again it's impossible not to be bowled over by a slice of classy Metal. The first Can dlemass album, titled 'Epicus Doomicus Metallicus', released on the Black Dragon label last year, set the scene; it was heavy, bassy and downright doomy, and you couldn't help but laugh at the dodgy lyrics, the amateurish sound effects and the cheapo cheapo production.

This time around though, the band have advanced a million per cent, to the point where if you played both albums back-to-back you'd hardly spot them as the same unit.

There's ten murderous tracks on this LP, although a couple of 'em are short instrumentals tagged on to the beginning and end of epic cuts. Most start slow or with bizarre intro effects before slipping into killer riffs the like of which haven't been attempted since Sabbath's matchless 'Master Of Reality' proclaimation. Blimey, even Mercyful Fate's output pales into oblivion when placed up against the splendour of 'Nightfall'.

There's a bevy of cuts to look out for so make sure you wear a welder's face mask; there's the evil plod of 'Codex Gigas' (like the Sabs' 'NIB' or 'Warning' cuts), 'Dark Are The Veils Of Death', an intense and awkward shuffle but boasting a phenomenal guitar solo by new boy Lasse Johnson, and 'At The Gallows End' which has the ring of Priest's epic 'Dreamer Deceiver' (from their great 'Sad Wings Of Destiny' opus).

What can I say, except that Candlemass are probably the most powerful Power Metal unit I've heard in some time. Buy this and Savatage's 'Hall Of The Mountain King' album and you'll have a perfect definition of what *real* Heavy Metal is all about.

DEREK OLIVER

METAL HAMMER 7/7

CANDLEMASS
Nightfall
Axis

Bored with an endless stream of generic thrash? By "Nightfall", heavy, heavy metal at half the speed, Candlemass, Swedish masters of doom metal, have surpassed themselves with their second album. This is the album Black Sabbath will probably wish they had made, the album that Celtic Frost possibly could make if they had any brains or the album that Yngwie J. Malmsteen might have recorded if he could play. Yes, Candlemass are the new gods of metal and the war is over. "Nightfall" pisses over last year's debut album "Epicus Doomicus Metallicus". It's not only heavy but loaded to the very brim with intelligence, class and, dare I say it, originality. Did I say originality? Who but Leif Edling and his crew could cop a load of Sabbath influences, add a good solid doseage of modern day Metallica-ish mayhem and come up with classics such as "Bewitched" or "Samaritan".
This may be the album to end all albums, it may even kill you. All I can suggest is that if you need a new metallic fix, this is the band who'll take you over the edge. Buy "Nightfall" now, there'll never be another album quite like this again. It's destined to go down as an all-time legend in years to come.

DAVE REYNOLDS **7**

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DOKKEN ROLL

Pic Ross Halfin

DON DOKKEN: not quite 'ball-grabbing' enough . . .

DOKKEN
'Back For The Attack'
(Elektra EKT 42)
KKK¾

ONE OF the more accepted notions in this crazy Metalized world of ours concerns itself with the theory of development. As natural as childbirth and as sure as the appearance of morning light, you can bet your very last penny that given enough time and financial support a competent rock band will, over a period of time, finally pull out all the stops and deliver a masterstroke of imagination.

It's a theory that holds much water. Bon Jovi, Def Leppard and Whitesnake are perhaps the three perfect examples in the present climate, but throughout the years there have been numerous cases. For journalists and fans alike there is also a game to be played hedging one's bets towards a particular act and my money has been riding proudly on the back of Dokken for some time now.

'Breakin' The Chains', released in 1982, started the ball rolling nicely with its tempered melody and spitball riffs, paving the way for the solid cock-fighting of '84's 'Tooth And Nail'. By the time Dokken arrived at their third release, 'Under Lock And Key', the scene had been beautifully set. Here was a classy stylish band with a neat groove – despite the well-publicised rift between leader Don Dokken and and guitar hero George Lynch – perfectly capable of writing several catchy melodic rock songs. A prime indication, it seemed, that something very special was about to happen.

'Back For The Attack' does, in all honesty, give little immediate indication that Dokken are about to shoot to headlining status. With its inconsistent material and long running time (over 63 minutes) you'd be inclined to suspect that they really haven't delivered the goods.

Thankfully, just when I was about to write the album off as a lost concern , a few extra spins did the trick. This record, y'see, is a wickedly compiled collection of cuts that plainly improves with age . . . just like the women in my life! But that doesn't mean to say that it fair grabs yer by the balls and shakes the leaves off yer tree, because without wishing to put too fine a point on it, at least 25 per cent of the material is below the standard I had expected.

The cuts that you should look out for are, on the other hand, some of the best songs that Dokken have ever written, beating, in some instances, the masterful melody of golden oldies like 'In My Dreams', 'Jaded Heart', 'Heartless Heart' and 'Breakin' The Chains'.

Check out the glistening memorability of 'Prisoner' (with added screams à la Klaus Meine from Don Dokken), the powerful George Lynch riffing on 'Kiss Of Death', the solid hard attack of 'Stop Fighting Love', and fave rave 'Lost Behind The Wall' featuring incredible atmospherics and a brillant hookline. But I'm sure there's no need to introduce you to the superbly melodic twists of 'Dream Warriors', released earlier this year and written especially for the movie 'Nightmare On Elm Street Part 3'.

And hey, let's hear it for the less commercially melodic tracks too, because even as I write some of the songs are beginning to take on a completely different shine, lending themselves to the sort of praise I would've thought impossible after the first spin.

Of course, the final question must concern the stupendous guitar playing of George Lynch. Simply, the man is in fine form, peeling out a string of incredible solos, that'll have you scratching your scalp in utter awe. Steer clear, however, of his instrumental track 'Mr Scary', because despite obvious intentions to impress, Lynch comes across sounding like a boring old fart running around the frets with nowhere to go. It's yukky and definitely a blot on an otherwise unblemished performance.

Yeah, I'm beginning to dig this album.

DEREK OLIVER

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IGNORANCE IS BLISS

SACRED REICH: a zomboid military tattoo cannibally cruising the sewers!

SACRED REICH
'Ignorance'
(Roadrunner RR 9578)
KKKK3/4

THUS FAR in their career, Sacred Reich seem to have earnt more headlines because of the bands that various members *nearly* joined than anything else. Bassist Phil Rind briefly filled in with Flotsam And Jetsam when Jason Newsted went to Metallica. Drummer Greg Hall nearly got the job with Slayer when Dave Lombardo went AWOL for a time. And lead guitarist Wiley Arnett was apparently once asked to join up with Metallica.

But, offers or whatever, there is still a Sacred Reich and 'Ignorance' shows that the band are more than worthy contenders, and not far short of major status. Produced by Bill Metoyer with the group, this is decidedly West Coast-style Thrash, owing much to Slayer and somewhat to Exodus, Megadeth as well as early Sabbath. Yet, through all the influences does shine a band with a lot to offer in their own right. It's for this reason alone that 'Ignorance' stands, as far as I'm concerned, as the best debut Thrash LP I've heard this year, alongside Death Angel's 'The Ultra-Violence'.

The excitement is gaping, wounding raw; the musicianship has a deliberately dulled sharpness that effectively panders to the savage core, and the songs all maintain a high level of interest throughout. 'Death Squad' opens up like a zomboid military tattoo cannibally cruising the sewers looking to sneer apart all flesh tones. 'Victim Of Demise' has ballistically balanced lyrics likely to rival Kreator in the 'Hate Metal' stakes (*'Rotting corpse/Slowly rotting away/Fatally diseased/A victim of rancid decay'*) with a rapping motion that brings to mind Anthrax's 'NFL'. 'Layed To Rest' allows the band time to indulge in some brooding instrumental grave digging and the title cut smarts like a pack of killer bees grown to rhino size and set loose in a glue factory – the giant sting really sticks!

And so it rolls on: 'No Believers' (*'There is no God/ There is no proof'*), 'Violent Solutions', 'Rest In Peace', 'Sacred Reich' (World War II encapsulated in a few vinyl minutes!) and the 'Black Sabbath' riffing of 'Administrative Decisions' (*'Knowledge comes second to doing what you're told/ We deny you exist we have an image to uphold'*).

This band can be lyrically provocative and certainly pull no punches in challenging certain principles of the established order (religion, politics, violence). And musically, they swarm . . . simply swarm. Not quite a masterpiece, but full of master pieces.

MALCOLM DOME

MOTORHEAD
'No Remorse'
(Castle Classics CLALP 121)
KKKK1/2

MOTORHEAD/VARIOUS
'Eat The Rich'
(Filmtrax MOMENT 108)
KKKK

SO, I didn't like Motörhead's recent LP 'Rock 'N' Roll'. So f**kin' what?! Does that mean I've turned against the fiery foursome? Or simply that I maintain they've put a rare foot out of line.

I mean, just because you don't like the album don't necessarily mean you ain't tuned into the music, OK? And these two releases really do prove my point. Motörhead sweating blood . . . Rhesus Positive you can taste. Now, that's more like it!

'No Remorse' is a double album compilation originally put out on the Polydor/Bronze label in the early Autumn of 1984, originally reviewed in issue 77, and released in a limited edition leather sleeve containing sleeve notes (modesty forbids the mention of any superlatives on this count).

Well, nothing has changed – except the label, the reviewer, the absence of any limited edition leather sleeve and the sleeve notes. But the music still sounds proud, loud and committed . . . classic Motörhead. 'Ace Of Jailbait', 'Killed By Overkill', 'Stone Dead Emergency', 'Steal Your Bomber', 'Dancing On Your Iron Fist', 'We Are The Snaggletooth' . . . need I say more, except that if you didn't buy it first time 'round then your heart must be made of papier mâché. Just make sure you don't make the same mistake again!

'Eat The Rich' is the soundtrack for the hi-hi-hilarious new Comic Strip-inspired movie reviewed in Kulture last issue. Six 'Head cutz plus one from Würzel and assorted others . . . but hey, it's the Motörquotient that counts and this is also more in the mould that I enjoy from the band.

Aside from the title track, most of the other Motörhead tracks were originally to be found on the staggering 'Orgasmatron' album, namely 'Built For Speed' (straight up the nose and down the gullet), 'Nothing Up My Sleeve' (except a dirty great panzer division), 'Doctor Rock' (inject the venom or what), 'On The Road' (actually a live number, produced by Vic Maile and certainly not sparing the whips), and 'Orgasmatron' (one 'Matron' who certainly doesn't blue-rinse her wig). We've also got the sensitive 'Bess' from Würzel's recent solo single, plus assorted soundtrack-like hoots an' boots, the sort of thing that works on screen but not vinyl.

So? Get 'Orgasmatron' if you can. If you can't, then this'll do.

MALCOLM DOME

PINK FAIRIES
'Kill 'Em And Eat 'Em'
(Demon Fiend 105)
KKK1/2

IN ROCK'n'roll, as the PF's sleeve notes point out, anything is possible. And I'd add that in rock'n'roll, a lot of things are scarce, like a winning formula, and a lot of things are highly probable, like the reformation of winning formulas to flog the old horses down the home stretch once again, which hopefully terminates somewhere around the bank.

Legendary in the '70s they were, but did they make any cash? Did anyone buy their records? Probably only Chris Welch knows the answer – I certainly wasn't on the scene.

So I guess I'll leave you to form your own opinions about another reformation and tell you about the music.

The Fairies sound alternately like REM on speed; the Ramones on downers and what the Doors might have sounded like if they'd not indulged at all, especially on 'Fool About You'.

They obviously indulge themselves as well. 'Waiting For The Ice Cream To Melt' and 'Taking LSD' are sick '60s siblings, while 'White Girls On Amphetamine' plays the darling daughter to Tubes' classic 'White Punks On Dope'.

The Fairies have stayed away long enough to fade out of fashion and almost slip back in again. I enjoyed it, but then again, my copy was free.

JON HOTTEN

PHENOMENA
'Phenomena II – Dream Runner'
(Arista Records BMG 208697)
KKKK

DON'T KNOW about choo, but I couldn't get to grips with the first Phenomena project whatsoever. I mean, all that tosh about psychic power . . . and the very thought of a concept album had me reeling with laughter.

Thankfully, 'Dream Runner' is a lot different. Now, whilst I 'm still a bit wary of the 'concept' (piloted by Tom Galley, Mel's older bro'), nature and the far out silly sci fi yearnings of its creators, I'm utterly won over by the music. Indeed, it's quite difficult to describe the superb and relatively abrupt change of style that this version has adopted. Whether this is because of the different musicians used is anyone's guess, although I'd opt for the more plausible explanation that they simply had to make the material a lot more commercial due to the failure of the 1985 debut.

So what's on offer? Well, you've got ten terrific tracks featuring a wide variety of famous Metal personnel, names who'll need no introduction, including Glenn Hughes, John Wetton, Ray Gillen, Max Bacon, Mel Galley, Scott Gorham, Kyoji Yamamoto, Neil Murray and 'Big' John Thomas (of Budgie). Together they whip up a splendid soundscape fusing what may be best described as incredible Americanised melodic rock with the progressive edge of late '70's British dinosaurs like Deep Purple.

There's a bevy of standout cuts boosted no end by an amazingly clean cut production (one of the best this decade – courtesy, funnily enough, of Mel Galley) that lends itself to daytime airplay, and frankly, you'd be hard pressed not to admit that even the duffest track is Grade A melodic rock of tremendous appeal. Personally I reckon the dynamically paced 'Stop' (featuring Ray Gillen's massive gob), 'Surrender' (vox by Glenn Hughes) and the majestic crunge of 'No Retreat No Surrender' (Ray Gillen again) are the best, but when faced with such a superb choice that kind of nit picking is frankly a little redundant.

DEREK OLIVER

NEW ALBUM PLEASURES OF THE FLESH

Music For NATIONS

MFN 77

VITAL IDOL

BLACK SABBATH: born again

BLACK SABBATH
'The Eternal Idol'
(Vertigo 832 708-1)
KKKKK

AND SO they're back. And for anyone familiar with Sabbath folklore down the years – vintage and lean – it won't come as the slightest surprise. Not the resurrection and not the staggering *class*.

This is a legend laid bare to the bones, with only the nucleus of Tony Iommi's colossal guitaring remaining of the quartet who went a long way towards *defining* Heavy Metal. The man who powered the Dio-fronted resurgence; who stood quietly in the sad shadows cast by Ian Gillan and Glenn Hughes; whose determination to keep a great name alive sent him on this search for still greater highs. An Eternal Idol.

And the search has proved fruitful. For the first time since Dio packed up his high heels and strutted off into a world of his own, Iommi has found someone with the grandeur and guts to replace him, and to lay to rest the roaring, monotonic ghost of Ozzy. The man in question is Tony Martin, a name touted around Sabs circles before, but only now does it carry more weight than rumour.

And from the moment he opens his mouth and gets astride Iommi's iron-hard riffing it's clear that it's *right* again. The solemn chords picked out at the start of opener 'The Shining' herald a new beginning. As the mystic lyrics unwind, Martin proves equal to every challenge, soaring to fresh highs and adding fuel to Iommi's fire.

If 'The Shining' is classic 'Heaven And Hell'-style material, then 'Hard Life To Love' harks further back, built around to sort of lead-lined blues playing that Iommi made his own during the '70s.

'Glory Ride', 'Born To Lose', 'Nightmare' and 'Lost Forever' all enjoy the breadth of Sabbath glory down the years – skilfully crafted Metal that makes up the album that should have followed 'Live Evil'. If it had, Sabbath would not be faced with the yawning credibility gap that 'The Eternal Idol' has to close.

The title track itself is anchored by the strength of Eric Singer on drums and Bob Daisley on bass (both with the Gary Moore Band), who help to craft an epic Metal giant of a tune that drags Sabbath kicking and screaming back to the frontline. (Incidentally, Dave Spitz and Terry Chimes are now on bass and drums, respectively).

Forget the mistakes of yore, Sabbath have always made them. Forget the preconceptions, and enjoy the rekindled glory. Finally, they're born again.

JON HOTTEN

LÄÄZ ROCKIT
'Know Your Enemy'
(Music For Nations MFN 81)
K

THERE ARE leaders and there are followers. Ain't that right? In all walks of life there are people who take the game by the scruff of the neck and shake the living daylights out of it. Then there are those who follow in the tail-wind of the mainmen, hoping to pick up the crumbs of success which lie in their wake. It's certainly no less the case in music and, whether they know it or not, Lääz Rockit are definitely followers.

Don't believe what you read. Ain't that right? Lääz Rockit's biography says the band *"are a breath of fresh air as they take their stong sense of originality to break the Metal mould."* Well sorry dears, but that's poppycock. I shoulda known really. 'Know Your Enemy' comes wrapped in the most putrid sleeve drawing ever. A gung-ho Rambo-esque cartoon character named Krunch wreaks havoc on one of the world's battlefields, a bad idea executed in tacky fashion.

The Rockets seem to expend all their energy on being loud, heavy, aggressive and obnoxious, but they never put their creative talents towards writing songs. It's when you hear a record like this that you realise that all Thrash is not created equal, that Metallica, Anthrax and a select handful of others are way way out in front of followers such as Lääz Rockit.

Maybe I'm starting to sound like an old fuddy-duddy, but lordy dordy, 'Know Your Enemy' gave me a bleedin' headache when I listened to it. It's all bludgeon without much decent riffola, and when Michael Coons lets those vocals fly it's like shards of glass splintering right inside your head. Ha, Michael would probably be glad to hear that one, but to my mind when you ain't got the songs, no matter what the style, then the aggression is just so much hot air.

Songs? Nah, not really. I wouldn't call the likes of 'Euroshima', 'Most Dangerous Game' and 'Self Destruct' real, bona fide songs. Lääz Rockit are about bluff and bluster, trying to fob you off with the 'intensity' when what they really mean is that they don't have a great deal of idea where they're supposed to be going.

They really need a Rockit up the arse to teach 'em how to harness this Thrash beast. Still, at least I know my enemy now!

HOWARD JOHNSON

SPERMBIRDS
'Something To Prove'
(Manic Ears Ache 007)
KKK

SPERMBIRDS ARE very nasty, very punky, very spiky and the big surprise is that they hail from West Germany rather than sun-soaked California. Now of course you know that the Germans find it incredibly difficult to offer us anything remotely decent in contemporary music. We've had Accept and the Scorpions from a country with a population as big as our own. Well gee guys, thanks!

Spermbirds took the sensible option and enlisted former GI Lee on vox to give 'em that authentic feel. Then they got down to the very serious business of making as much bloody racket as they could.

'Something To Prove' is the result, but damned if I know what they want to prove. I know that they're terribly, terribly angry about all sorts of things that Punk Rock kids have been angry about for ten years now. False Punks, false religions and false women all come under the hammer of Lee's tongue and the boy gives it some gip! You can't doubt his sincerity and you can't doubt that there's a market for birds' sperm.

The thing is that having seen this stuff first time around it's all a bit vacuous. The tunes aren't disastrous but that all-encompassing desire to be as fast and as furious as possible makes just about every Hardcore album one dimensional and faceless. People are settling for something that's second rate these days just because it's angry, uses a load of four-letter words and walks around with a skateboard tucked under its arm. I think that's bulls**t because it's not gonna last as a purely musical form, not in a way that The Clash's first album will.

Spermbirds are one of the better bands peddling this fodder, and if you think songs like 'What A Bitch Is', 'S**t Job' and 'My God Rides A Skateboard' are where it's at then this is for you. There are definitely a few neat moments such as 'Get On The Stage' and 'Try Again' where tunes almost become as important as a big blur of speed but the boys in the band never feel able to make that 'compromise'. Too bad in my opinion, but my opinion doesn't mean s**t in this scene. The boards are there, the haircuts are short, the rude words are abundant, the speed is intense. Hot dang, a surefire hit!

HOWARD JOHNSON

CIRCLE JERKS
'VI'
(Roadrunner RR 9584)
KK½

'VI', RATHER than being the sixth album from LA quartet Circle Jerks, is actually only their second. Their debut, entitled 'Wonderful', was released over here on Music For Nations' spin-off label Rough Justice last year, slipping noiselessly by. And, in truth, there's little on 'VI' to suggest that it's gonna make any bigger ripples.

Although boasting former Black Flag vocalist Keith Morris and Red Kross guitarist Greg Hetson as the band's focal points, the Circle Jerks' brand of punk-flavoured rock 'n' roll cuts no ice with these ears.

Some old spiky British '78 stuff ('All Wound Up'), some more modern sounding Edge-y guitar work ('Tell Me Why'), sub-AC/DC rock'n'roll ('Beat Me Senseless') and even an ancient Creedence cover version ('Fortunate Son') . . . but nothing to get worked up over.

PAUL MILLER

SILENT RUNNING
'Walk On Fire'
(Atlantic 781 797-1)
K½

SILENT RUNNING burn with a slow fuse. Their tunes creep up on you determined to break down resistance as they plod with a measured tread. Undoubtedly one of the most successful cuts is the title track which opens Side Two with a strong funky beat.

The main thrust of the band comes from Peter Gamble and his expressive, at times anguished, vocals which dominate most of the proceedings. I could have done with some more guitar work from Tony Scott, who blazes with considerable fire on the intros to the more poky pieces like 'Under Your Skin', while the odd 20-minute drum solo and a bit of Blues and Heavy Metal wouldn't have gone amiss either.

But that's not their groove. They prefer the more one-dimensional approach to music, so that all the moods, tempos and keys tend to remain much the same throughout. Variety they eschew and jollity is not their forte.

Whereas Gene Loves Jezebel have an eerie magic about their performances, these chaps tend to drone, like the bagpipes of their native land.

CHRIS WELCH

DELIVER US FROM EVIL

DELIVERANCE: chaotic, dishevelled and eccentric

DELIVERANCE
'Devils Meat'
(MetalWorks VOV 666)
KK3/4

THE ONE thing that new British Metal Indie label MetalWorks *can't* be accused of is duplication. Each of their releases thus far has been vastly different; the primeval Thrash of Virus, the ruthless riffing of Deathwish and . . . er . . . Deliverance.

Formerly Gothic punks, Deliverance are certainly a strange bunch. Billed by their biography as 'Devil Thrash', they are actually nowt of the sort, falling somewhere between Motörhead and 'Welcome To Hell' era Venom, but managing to sound like neither.

Although the quartet get full marks for unconventionality, that's not necessarily a recommendation. Their music is chaotic, dishevelled and eccentric, often awkward and cumbersome, rustic and even uncomfortable at times.

Vocalist Master Daniels has a voice that is horribly mutated – helped by a combination of studio effects and the absence of a good production – making Sabbat's Martin Walkyier sound positively pleasant by comparison.

'Twenty One Steps To Hell' is the best Deliverance currently have to offer. Based around a solidly fast riff and leaded drums, it's the nearest that the band get to Thrash. However, like too many of its vinyl mates, it's far too limited, the band not yet having the experience to know when a tired riff needs rejuvenating with a fresh one. The title track too, despite its initial promise, outstays its welcome, failing to achieve anything substantial.

'Killing For Jesus' kicks off like the bastard offspring of the classic 'In League With Satan' (Venom) and the 'Full Metal Jacket Theme', but blots its copy book by managing to mention 'kill' and 'killing' some 37 times in the lyrics, easily cruising past Manowar's proudly held record!

'Devils Meat' is certainly not as bad as the tacky, opportunist cover indicates, and if Deliverance can back up their novel approach to Black Metal with some better material next time around, then I think we might be talking business.

PAUL MILLER

MEAT LOAF
'Meat Loaf Live'
(Arista 208599)
KKKK

DYNAMIC PERFORMANCES by the man who makes Steffan 'Cheeseburger' Chirazi look like Ray Zell. Meat Loaf sings with quivering, wobbling passion at a concert recorded at Wembley earlier this year.

In fact the sound of yelling hordes of fans is the only indication this is an on-the-spot recording.

The sound quality is superb, with drums and piano in particular shining through on 'Two Out Of Three Ain't Bad', the lengthy ballad that is a highlight of Side Two.

Meat Loaf and the band kick off in stomping mood on 'Blind Before I Stop' and 'Rock'n'Roll Mercenaries', tunes that particularly sum up the Meat Loaf love of soul-tinged rock, tight arrangements, melodic tunes and the intelligent use of beefy guitar solos.

Above the roar of the band soars the slightly breathy voice of a man who has either been chain smoking or running up escalators.

Vocal harmonies help him out on the atmospheric 'Took The Words' which comes complete with horror movie dialogue.

'Midnight' is a rather gawky Country and Western hoe down, while 'Modern Girl' is bright, racy and full of that spiritual joy which permeates his work and shows rock's gospel roots.

The show climaxes with 'Bat Out Of Hell', and it's hard not to be moved by the Loaf's wholemeal sincerity.

CHRIS WELCH

MARTY FRIEDMAN/JASON BECKER/CACOPHONY
'Speed Metal Symphony'
(Roadrunner RR 9577)
KKKK

MARTY FRIEDMAN and Jason Becker are the latest prodigies of Shrapnel boss and guitar addict Mike Varney. Friedman, you may remember, was once a member of the sadly departed Hawaii, playing on both their 'The Natives Are Restless' and 'One Nation Underground' records, but Becker is a new name to me, although none the less talented.

Whilst 'SMS' isn't quite as good as the new Racer X gem, and neither axeman individually quite as proficient as the young Mr.Gilbert, together the dynamic duo are making fresh vital sounds, enough to send any budding guitarists into an orgasmic frenzy.

However, there is a large question mark over the choice of backing musicians. Or, to be precise, the choice of vocalist. Peter Marrino has the sort of voice that would be wonderfully suited to a more Thrash-orientated outfit but is sorely lacking when he comes to match the range and depth of the players around him.

But at the end of the day, it's the guitars that rule the roost. Whether it be the grandiose, almost pompous feel of 'The Ninja', the beautiful, fluid playing of 'Concerto', the guitars soaring up and down quicker than shares in BP, or the heavy rhythm work of 'Burn The Ground', Messrs. Friedman and Becker are playing their hearts out.

PAUL MILLER

VARIOUS ARTISTS
'Metal Warrior'
(Metalother Records OTH 9)
KK

IT'S NOT a lack of talent that holds UK Metal acts back by the shirt-tails but more the badly thought out and cheaply packaged compilations like 'Metal Warrior', adding fuel to the myth that struggling hopefuls this side of the pond are somehow lesser than their cousins on the other.

With a non-existent production, it would take a truly phenomenal band to come up smelling of roses. Unfortunately, none of the half dozen acts here (three from the UK and one each from Eire, Germany and the US) quite fit *that* description.

For the record, Deuce and Not Fragile are probably the better of the six. The former are from Kent (and thus are not to be confused with their Nottingham namesakes), are promising, have a nice line in riffs but aren't *too* special just yet; whilst the latter, obviously named after one of the best albums from the last decade, are a typically plod-worthy German band who like to cram as much into a song as possible.

Elsewhere, Crisis, who I know can do better, contribute the exceedingly naff 'Keep Fighting', Ezymeat turn out to be bastardised Thin Lizzy, whilst Trojan (who, I seem to remember, had a single out a while back) and First Offence are merely average.

All in all, rather an uneventful release.

PAUL MILLER

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ROBBIE ROBERTSON
'Robbie Robertson'
(Geffen Records pre-release tape)
KKKKK

AFTER AN eleven-year absence from the scene, and at the ripe old age of 43, Jaime 'Robbie' Robertson – the only guitarist in the world to have played on both Dylan's 'Blonde On Blonde' album *and* The Band's second self-titled album (take my tip, kids, two of the greatest rock albums ever recorded!) – has at last come in from the cold with the release of a solo album, his first in a 25-year career. A dilly it is too.

For those of you who don't know the name though, briefly, from 1968, when he emerged as a guitarist and songwriter with real clout on 'Music From Big Pink', the first classic album by The Band, until 1976, when The Band officially bowed out with the Martin Scorcese directed film, 'The Last Waltz', Robbie Robertson was one of the most influential and innovative voices in rock.

For the last decade he has shied away from the idea of pursuing a solo career in rock 'n' roll. Instead, he co-starred opposite Jodie Foster and Gary Busey in the 1980 film, 'Carny'.

He has also scored the soundtracks to a rake of hugely popular films like 'Raging Bull', 'The King Of Comedy', and 'The Colour Of Money'. For a while though, it seemed as though he was lost forever to the straight rock audience.

Then, suddenly, for no good reason at all, early last year the inspiration to return to the fold with a rock 'n' roll album worthy of the name finally came to him. This, the simply titled 'Robbie Robertson', is the result of that inspiration. And, pardon me, but I say it's already shaping up as one of *the* definitive releases of '87.

'Robbie Robertson' is a brilliant album, beautifully crafted, soulfully delivered, raunchy as sin, and if you've got any fire left in your belly at all you are going to love it . . .

Co-produced by Robertson and Daniel Lanois, famed for his work with U2, and recorded largely in Dublin this summer, the album features a number of 'name' musicians sprinkled amongst its nine tracks, including U2 themselves, who provide Robertson with a backing band on two of the tracks, 'Testimony' and 'Sweet Fire Of Love', also gaining a co-writing credit on the latter.

On paper, the pairing of Robertson with U2 may seem a little off-centre. But U2 are currently going through their rootsiest stage yet, and the coupling with the ex-Band guitarist, whose dirty roots go right down to his elegant boots, is utterly compelling.

Elsewhere, on 'Fallen Angel' and 'Broken Arrow', Peter Gabriel shows up on keyboards, percussion and ghostly backing vocals. And the mesh of styles is never merely contrived, never pretentious as it might have been in the hands of a lesser talent. Particularly moving is 'Fallen Angel', which opens the album: an elegy to his friend and former Band colleague, keyboard player Richard Manuel, whose dead body was found hanging from a shower curtain in a motel room in Florida last year.

There are other, as climactic moments to be found: 'Showdown At Big Sky', 'Somewhere Down The Crazy River' and 'American Roulette' are, right now, my favourites.

If you're looking for a rock album good enough to keep you listening to it for years to come, shit or shine, then do yourself a favour and grab a copy of 'Robbie Robertson'. Find out what a master can do with this kind of music.

MICK WALL

TIGERTAILZ
'Young And Crazy'
(Music For Nations MFN 78)
KKK½

'SHE'S MY star attraction, and I want some back seat action . . . now!' When Steevi Jaimz (vocals) howls forth on 'Star Attraction' you know all the Clairol 'Born Blonde' hasn't interfered with his masculine urges.

Beneath all the bangles, earrings, lipstick and nail paint, are four lads who deep down prefer pints of real ale and eat whole sides of beef. Yet Tigertailz seem to draw a huge amount of flak from certain hardcore Thrash fans who shall remain Malcolm Doom. I can see the point. Tigertailz, while noisy, flashy and fast, lack a certain amount of bottom and balls (if you'll pardon the phrase). They shriek a lot on tunes like 'City Kidz', and Ace Finchum, while a good drummer, doesn't supply much in the way of explosions. Jay Pepper, however, is a good guitarist who boogies on 'Shoot To Kill' with the best of 'em.

The frantic 'Turn Me On' probably goes down a storm in clubs, and this does all tend to sound rather like a good night at the Marquee. To make an impact on album they need to calm down, and think more about the overall effect. The tunes are short, bunched up and largely unmemorable, but I liked 'She's Too Hot' which has some more interesting chord changes.

Instrumentally they are at their best on 'Young And Crazy', while 'Fall In Love Again' shows how they improve when they relax and stop all the panic-stricken hot flushes. At least they are trying, and the nation needs some home-grown success.

CHRIS WELCH

AGNOSTIC FRONT
'Liberty And Justice For . .'
(Rough Justice Just 8)
KKK

I GUESS that most bands such as Agnostic Front don't really profess to have too much time for dealing with units and advances, shifting product and points on albums. Yet I reckon everyone yearns to have their creativity backed up by healthy album sales. Agnostic Front could be in there with a shout, but let's be brutal, vocalist Roger Miret just ain't up to it.

Now you can talk about being distinctive and going for attitude over content, but this is taking things *too* far. You can't hone in on AF's power and obvious musical ability because you're trying to stave off oncoming aggression from that voice.

Pity really, because Agnostic Front are definitely that one little leap ahead of the baying pack. They're fast . . . of course they're bloody fast . . . but there's an element of musical poke that most three-chord Thrashers just can't fall back on. Steve Martin and Vinnie Stigma knock out riffs not dissimilar to those displayed on Anthrax's 'Among The Living', while Will Shepler hammers down bone hard behind the kit.

Some of the songs like 'Another Side' and 'Happened Yesterday' have a neat combination of Mosh followed by Thrash followed by Mosh. Segmentation makes for a decent equation here and I find myself quite enjoying the AF approach. But every time poor old Rog opens his gob you wanna kick the turntable in.

I saw 'The Witches Of Eastwick' at the flicks last night and it contains a brilliant scene where Jack Nicholson covers the first four rows of a church congregation with atomic-powered vomit. Tasteful to the last I know, but Roger's singing on 'Liberty And Justice For . .' is the exact musical equivalent of Jack's throwing up. Did they have a bucket by the mike in the studio?

Agnostic Front might have the songs, but that voice will dog 'em ad infinitum.

HOWARD JOHNSON

JOE SATRIANI
'Surfing With The Alien'
(Food For Thought GRUB 8)
KKKK¼

LOOK ELSEWHERE in this deaf-defying ish of the mighty *K!* and you're sure to find Jethro Tull's highly respected guitar star Martin Barre underlining his astute opinion of today's NGMs (New Guitar Masters, remember?); viz, that whilst these wonderful whiz kids are highly developed technically, their material tends to merge into a fast fingered blur after a couple of tracks.

I'd be interested to hear Barre's opinion of Joe Satriani, for here's a guitarist with every lick and trick in the book up his sleeve, all itching to be summoned by a fistful of lightning fast digits; and yet here's a man who can also write and interpret some memorable tunes as well. Check out the uptempo ZZ-ish romp of 'Surfing With The Alien', the funky 'Ice 9' and the double delicious 'Echo' for example.

But what makes Satriani so refreshing isn't his ability to dish out runs so frighteningly fluid that many aspiring young guitarists might instantly be put off their £29.99 Woolworth's Deluxes for life, but the fact that he adapts so naturally to any kind of material he chooses to tackle; rather like a modern-day Tommy Bolin or Jeff Beck, zapped full of Steve Vai histrionics.

'Surfin' . . .' isn't a full steam ahead barrage of molten Metal *à la* Chastain, but something much more complex and colourful and consequently something that should appeal to the more discerning observers amongst us. Like Martin Barre in fact.

This is a quite brilliant showcase of Joe Satriani's extraordinary talent, and should ensure that the exciting Californian will overcome the dubious distinction of being Marino's favourite guitarist and hit megastar status before too long.

MARK PUTTERFORD

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DEFENDER OF THE FAITH

It's taken RORY GALLAGHER some 13 or 14 albums to get back to his roots, but with new LP 'Defender' he's finally succeeded. He may have invested in a new shirt, but as DEREK OLIVER found out, the tricks up his sleeve are still the ones he knows best

I'VE GOT to admit that life without Rory Gallagher has been a bit like having to suffer fish 'n' chips without salt 'n' vinegar. I mean, one minute he was busy thrashing out solid slabs of blues-boogie to all and sundry at every available opportunity and then, in the wink of an eye, he was gone. But where?

"Basically, we had a lot of problems sorting out the album," Rory confided to me recently at the Reading Hexagon Theatre, minutes before leaping in front of a capacity audience. "I didn't anticipate a gap of this length but I *have* been working very hard, mainly outside of the UK, doing festivals, European tours and a couple of trips to America as well as trying to record the latest album . . . "

Ah yes, I'm glad he mentioned that, because from what I've heard on the grapevine Rory's recording schedule was dogged by a lot of complicated problems resulting in certain songs being recorded three or four times over. Mind you, who could blame him for being a little over-protective, especially when there's so much at stake.

Let's face it, Rory's a member of the old school of guitar giants, and faced with the severe competition of speedy whizzkid axemaniacs like Yngwie J. Malmsteen those old blues triplets could be viewed as, er, rather passé to say the least.

"Yngwie Malmsteen . . . he's a very dangerous player, isn't he? Sure, I'd have to admit that the new breed of guitarists are incredible, but the problem they're now facing is that they all sound exactly the same. Y'know, the same Charvel guitars, whammy bars, effects, hammer-ons, harmonics and tapping. That's fine if it's used sparingly, but these kids tend to go full tilt from the beginning to the end so it loses its meaning.

"Personally, I still believe that the key to being a successful and influential guitarist is to be economical. Playing at such fast speed is like playing yourself into a corner and there's only a few clever souls who are capable of getting themselves out of that sticky situation. That's the difference between a good and a bad player . . . "

One of the things you notice with Rory in conversation is that he's no dinosaur stuck in the late Sixties blues boom even if his roots music indicates otherwise. He's got a sense of humour too: "A lot of guitar players from my era have retired or become farmers, but I'm not like that – I'm hyperactive compared to them!"

RORY GALLAGHER: "There's nothing as fresh and dynamic as a four or eight-track recording"

BUT LET'S steer the conversation back to the man's latest album, 'Defender', his first since 1982's lacklustre 'Jinx' and currently available on the Demon label; the subject of much praise from many a source, sticking as it does to his beloved blues 'n' boogie, but strangely devoid of contemporary tampering (I'm referring, of course, to the sparse production).

"I've never consciously worked in a way where I've been swayed by fashion," Rory retorts. "I just record for me, it's a personal statement of what I want to achieve and thankfully we found a company (Demon) who saw it that way too. At a certain point we were on the verge of signing with one or two major record companies but the conditions and the way they saw my future weren't quite right. Then Demon showed up and we hit it off straight away because they had artistic trust in me and didn't have any qualms about the conditions I was asking for.

"As far as the actual recording goes, I laid down every song at least twice, sometimes more, and ultimately I ended up with around 20 songs to choose from. The more the record got delayed the more the pressure was on to make it better – it got pretty scary towards the end. It worried me to have to prove that I could still cut it, but thankfully I think the album has more than done that."

Did you feel the desire to become, er, a little bit more contemporary?

"Look, I spent 13 or 14 albums getting back to the fundamentals and I'm certainly not prepared to give it up that easy! It's not that I'm adverse to using modern technology, synthesisers and things, but I *do* think that there's nothing as fresh and dynamic as a four or eight-track recording. The song always comes first and that's my principal objective. If you haven't got a good song you might as well forget it."

Fortunately, Rory Gallagher has plenty of good, nay great songs helping to compile a live set that stretches these days to a mammoth two-and-a-half hours of solid sweat-soaked rockin'. From the moment he hits the boards to the very last climax, Rory pumps out an amazing selection of red hot solos and dynamite riffs, mixing old favourites like 'Moonchild' and 'Shinkicker' with newer titles such as 'Loanshark Blues' and 'Don't Start Me Talkin'' taken from the 'Defender' album.

Apart from his hair being a shade shorter and his bones carrying a little more weight these days (whose aren't?), Rory's appearance hasn't altered that much – the only disappointment was the fact that he wasn't wearing a check shirt!

HELPING TO pile on the pressure is a blistering backing band tighter than a rush hour tube carriage; perennial bassist Gerry McAvoy, deft drummer Brendan O'Neil and, stage left, a new addition in the form of harp player Mark Feltham. A good line-up familiar enough with Rory's vast catalogue of material to allow him the freedom to stretch out from the main course of events and solo away at leisure. This works best, of course, during the many blues numbers, although his use of bottleneck during the acoustic segment of the show is pretty awesome by any standard, and here I'm referring in particular to the old Ledbetter toon 'Out On The Western Plain'. Why bother listening to Stevie Ray Vaughan, the Fabulous Thunderbirds or Robert Cray when Rory's still treading the boards?

And the future?

"I'm using the tour to convince people that I didn't retire. From now on I'll be doing things on a regular basis and for a start that means releasing another album in June or July next year."

An eminently likeable geezer to be sure and, hey, let's hear it for that old and battered 1961 Stratocaster. Surely he could afford to buy a new one by now?

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Access

■ ALRIGHT, HOW do you get a huge budget for your promotional video? Come up with a jolly jape? Nah. Get a top-line director? Do us a favour! Have a strong song? Leave it out, José. No, **Aerosmith** got the right idea when they put together their video for current hit single **'Dude (Looks Like A Lady)'**.

All you do is persuade your friendly neighbourhood A&R man to appear in the vid. and suddenly the budget goes through the roof! In the 'Smiths case this A&R man happens to be Geffen's **John David Kalodner,** who dressed up in a white wedding dress and posed with all the elan you might expect from someone who also played 'bit' parts in videos for **Sammy Haircut** and **Y&T.** Ah, so that's how *they* got the budgets together!

"Looks like the* Kerrang! *reporters – down to their last can of lager already!"

■ OI, HAVE you heard what the ageing Ronald McDonald lookalike **Dee Snider** of **Twisted Sister** has been getting up to lately? Well, he's apparently just written a book called **'Dee Snider's Teenage Survival Guide. Or How To Be A Legend In Your Own Lunchtime'**. Well, he co-wrote it with author **Philip Bashe** and Doubleday Books/Bantam deigned to publish it in the US.

The tome apparently deals with taking a responsible attitude towards life, which sounds like the sort of preaching an' bleating ole Dee got up to when giving evidence to the Senate hearings in Washington in relation to the PMRC.

It's no wonder that the youth of America has turned its collective back on TS.

■ THERE'S A burgeoning love affair between **Warlock**'s **Dora Pest** and **Slayer**! No kiddin'! It seems that Slayer evil duo **Tom Araya** and **Kerry King** have been totally smitten by the feminine wiles of young Dora. So much so that when the Aryan vocalist was recently in the Los Angeles area, Tom actually asked to go out to dinner with her . . . an invitation graciously accepted by Dora, who is apparently a Slayer *fan!*

Moreover, Kerry and Tom have done a photo session with the blonde beauty and rest assured that soon as we get any of these snaps they'll be straight into print.

■ **GUNS N' ROSES** recently played a sold-out show at the Ritz club in New York, with **Megadeth**'s **Dave Mustaine** turning up to take a peek at the hot LA boyz. Nothing unusual here, except that Mustaine decided *unannounced* and *uninvited* to get up onstage with Gn'R to jam. The only problem was that no-one had forewarned the Gunners, and taken completely by surprise they thought that Mustaine was just another stage diver. Consequently they had him thrown off the boards!

By the time they'd realised their error and invited Mustaine back up to apologise and get him to jam, the Mega-Thrasher had walked out of the show, claiming to have been embarrassed beyond belief by his manhandling. VFTB says it serves the silly bugger right for not making prior plans to appear.

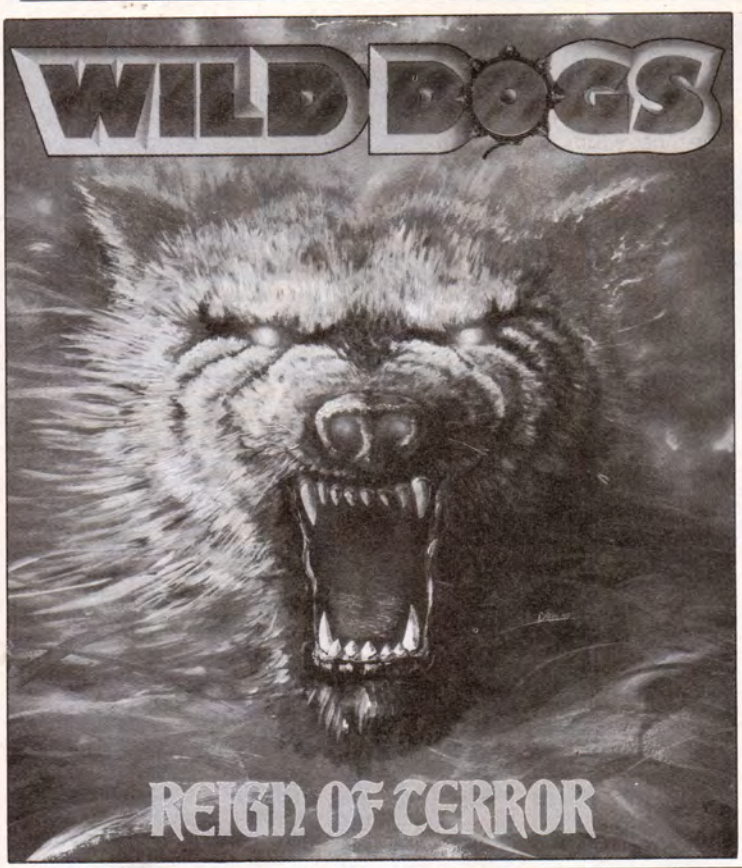
■ **STATUS QUO** have hit trouble with the formidable Anti-Apartheid Movement, who were angered by the band's recent visit to South Africa to play four shows in the notorious Sun City area.

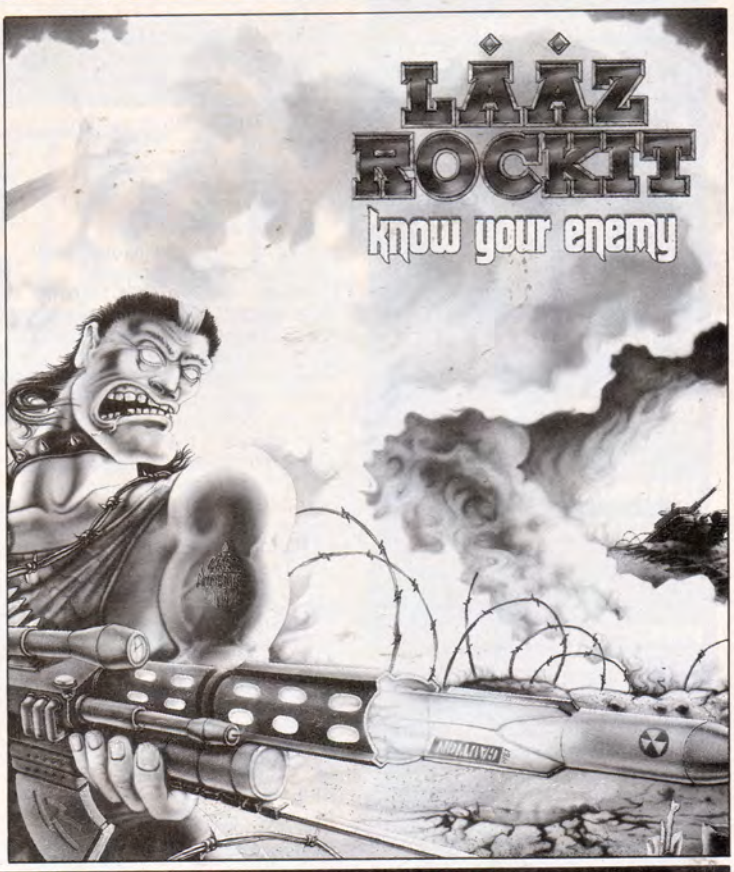
Despite the group's protestations that the proceeds and all future royalties from Quo record sales in the country will be given to charity, the Anti-Apartheid Movement want the band blacklisted by the United Nations, thus barring **Rossi, Parfitt** et al from appearing live in Europe, America and Britain.

Now, whilst we don't wanna get involved in politics, VTFB can't help but feel that any move to ban one of the world's most boring groups has gotta be worth supporting. We just wonder if there's anything that can be done about getting several other acts banned. For instance: **Loverbore, Znory White, Saga** (cont. Wimpwire).

KOMIK KORNER

"How many drummers does it take to change a lightbulb? None – they use a machine!" – **Jay Jay French (Twisted Sister)**





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ADVERTISEMENT PRODUCTION MANAGER: TONY DIXON

SECRETARY: KAROLINE GENNAIO

PUBLISHER: BOB THRUSSELL

MANAGING DIRECTOR: MIKE SHARMAN

DISTRIBUTION: SPOTLIGHT MAGAZINE DISTRIBUTION, 1 BENWELL ROAD, LONDON N7 7AX
TELEPHONE 01 700 4600

TYPESETTING AND REPRO: MARLIN GRAPHICS, 2-4 POWERSCROFT ROAD, SIDCUP, KENT

PRINTERS: SEVERN VALLEY PRESS LTD, CAERPHILLY, MID GLAMORGAN

ISSN 0262 6624

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KOMMUNIKATION

Say it loud to* Kerrang!, *Kommunikation, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ

BEFORE: a sad sight . . .

AFTER: proof that the baseball cap really does work!

HAIRY STORIES

EVEN THOUGH we are all great Saxon fans, a nagging mystery troubles us all: does guitarist Paul Quinn wear a wig? (Or is it a disease caught from Paul Stanley's malignant chest growth?!)

For stark evidence check out the rear of 'Wheels Of Steel', where Paul's head looks like Nancy Reagan's left breast. Then, six years on – HEY PRESTO! HAIR! Could this be due to the magic hair-promoting baseball cap, worn continuously throughout this period? Or has he just sellotaped a dead cat to his head?

Does this suggest that the Anthrax baseball cap-wearing craze is purely to ward off the evil 'Paul Quinn hair syndrome' which plagues the world of Heavy Metal? Other victims include:

1. Receding James Dio
2. Eddie The 'Ead
3. Bob Hairford
4. Fish of Marillihair
5. Phil Cambald (Motörhair)
6. Baldo Dirkschneider

BEWARE ALL ROCK STARS! Approach the above with great care! It's spreading, and there's only one cure: the 'Magic Baseball Cap', readily available in all colours/sizes from the Paul Quinn Hair Clinic! From **Roger, Ash and Mar, the 'Hair Today Gone Tomorrow' Advice Bureau.**

PS. For those of you who are offended by this (ie. have no sense of humour), may the hairs of a thousand Phil Quinns infest your armpits!!

RAPE RAP

I FELT I had to write after reading issue 159.

'But where most entertainers cuddle and pet the audience – Alice rapes them! Alice goes out there and the audience is like a female entity to him. He takes them, shakes them and rapes them.' (Alice Cooper article)

"We don't beat up women," he reassures me, "We rape 'em." (Lizzy Borden)

I'm finding it increasingly worrying that so many references to rape are being made in Heavy Metal music these days. I don't really like any violence used for entertainment but at least spooks and demons are sufficiently removed from reality. Rape is far too real. The reason I know is that 18 months ago my sister was raped. It disturbed her so much that six months after the attack she committed suicide. I'm not claiming that her still-at-large attacker was rendered into a slavering beast by Alice Cooper or Lizzy Borden records – but I think that gratuitous exploitation of possibly the worst crime anyone can commit is diluting the indescribable horror of rape.

Countless bands these days are using sexual violence as a selling point (off the top of my head, W.A.S.P., Guns n' Roses, Mötley Crüe) and their audience is usually male and teenaged. They're going to grow up thinking the world's full of *'hot mean bitches dying for me to take her. She pretends she don't want it but she does.'* I just made up those words but they could be from any one of a hundred songs. **Steve.**

BILL'S BALLS

COME ON Billy, who are you trying to kid? You simply used your 'open letter' to the press (issue 160) as a smokescreen to hide behind. Your main aim was to fool the record-buying public into thinking that you and your band are anti-racist, anti-facist and anti-hatred so that they would think: 'Oh he's not so bad – I'll buy the album if those are his objectives.' But shit, anyone with half a brain should realise that you used that letter as a tool to sell more copies of your album. You were just cheesed off about the fact that the music press spotlighted you for what you and your band are – a bunch of Nazis.

Only total Neanderthals would rather see famine-struck countries starve and die than have aid given. Anyone who has seen pictures of the hungry kids would only feel sorrow, not hatred.

You say you couldn't write from the third person point of view – OK that might be true, but why couldn't you have written from the point of view of a victim of racial discrimination? I'll tell you why – because you are a blatant fascist as you proved in interviews with other magazines and your letter only totally contradicts the aforementioned articles.

One last thing, Billy, if you ever come to England don't publicise it or I'll come and spit in your face. **Micky Ordidge.**

(NOT) TOO POSH TO MOSH

I AM writing to express just how pissed off I am about the constant slagging of Thrash and Death Metal in your Kommunikation pages.

So what if I prefer Coroner, Celtic Frost and Metallica to shit like Iron Maiden, Poison and Bon Jovi? It just shows I've got taste, that's all.

The typical moronic imbecile who writes in is all too quick to condemn a band before they've even heard them. I suggest you listen to the LPs, see them live, THEN voice your opinion.

You can start off by buying the excellent 'Into The Pandemonium' by Celtic Frost, and the equally excellent 'Terrible Certainty' by Kreator, then catch them on their UK tour.

As for Thrash bands being a load of dickheads just out to make money, check out Iron Maiden, who screw as much money out of their fans as possible.

All this bickering is pathetic. Who gives a f**k how many sell-outs and gold discs Bum Jovi had?

Remember, you don't judge how good a band is on the number of Top Of The Pops appearances they've had! So grow up and f**k up!!! **A Death Semmet Fan, Morayshire.**

TOUR TREMORS (1)

I AM writing to express my agreement with the letter sent in by Jackie of Bolton (*Kerrang!* 159). I too can only see my favourite bands when they play at the Manchester Apollo. I don't see why I should have to travel to London or Birmingham to see certain bands, especially as Manchester is one of the biggest cities in the country.

I'm really annoyed that bands like Mötley Crüe, Marillion and Whitesnake cannot be bothered to do a full British tour. It's fans and the record-buying public who put them where they are today, but, because we live outside a city with a large concert hall, we're ignored.

I'd like to thank Manowar, Def Leppard and Motörhead for the great gigs they put on at the Apollo this year. I'm looking forward to seeing Anthrax, Vow Wow and Dio at the Apollo soon. At least we're not forgotten by them.

Thanks for a great magazine & a tremendous weekly read. **Mike Flanagan, Stockport.**

TOUR TREMORS (2)

I AM writing about the letter from Jackie Gartland (issue 159), who calls herself a genuine Crüe fan.

I think she is a fool to herself; she said that she stood for over an hour in the snow to meet the band but then she slagged them off – some fan, eh?

If she was a genuine fan she would travel to see them somewhere else on the tour. I travel over 300 miles spending over 20 pounds before I even have a ticket, so Jackie put *your* money where your mouth is and

travel or shut the hell up. Genuine fan, my arse!

See Crüe in '88 or FOAD.

PS. If you miss Crüe *you* lose, not the band, so it's your hard luck. **The Fiend.**

PALLAS DONE 'EM PROUD

I AM writing more of a thank you letter than anything else. It concerns the group Pallas and their Cuinzie Neuk concert 10-10-87.

Already being a fan I was ecstatic at the news of the gig but pretty cut-up to find that the last train was at 10pm, around the time the band were due to hit the stage.

After giving fan club supremo Mike Bentley the 'good news' he and the band went completely out of their way to find a way of getting my girlfriend and myself home, which fortunately he did. (The concert was f**king amazing, by the way).

I didn't find out the name of the guy who gave us a lift home, but he also gave us a preview of the new Rush album. Anyway, I'd just like to say a great big thank you to everyone concerned, not many bands show so much interest in their fans. **Baz the Bass Bastard, Coda.**

G n'R 'NOT WORTH SEEING' SHOCK!

I WAS disgusted by your review in issue 159 of Guns n' Roses and Faster Pussycat at the Manchester Apollo. My friend and myself went to their previous shows in Newcastle and Nottingham and considered the Manchester date to be the best. Mind you, there wasn't much competition between them.

Yeh! Yeh! Yeh! I can hear you saying: Why did you go to three dates if you think they're so crap? The reason being, Mr. 'Dick' Wall, is that their LP 'Appetite for Destruction' is, in my opinion, one of the best LPs of this year. I would like to make a point (the main one) . . . groups who don't give a f**k about the audience and do just one encore are not worth seeing. In fact, come to think about it . . . I think I saw you at the concert. Were you the person standing in front of me, right near the front, wearing 20-inch flares and a Tom Jones tour T-shirt?

If I had not already bought tickets, I'd have stayed home to watch 'Coronation Street'.

Before the concert I met the so-called Slash and I'm surprised that he could even get up on stage, never mind play his instrument. He needed the help of another man to get him inside the front doors of the Apollo because he was 'flyin' so high on the wings of a f**kin' dove.'

I would also like to point out that on the 6th of October it did NOT rain throughout the day. You, Mr. 'Dick Balls', took it on yourself to describe Manchester as 'the place where the sun never shines' and where 'the sky is just a fat bladder permanently out of control'. Please can you tell me what the f**k you expect the weather to be like in mid-Autumn?

I feel the reason you, Mr. Wall, gave the group such a good review was because of the 'nice' mention W. Axl Rose gave your (usually very good) magazine.

I hate people like you, Mr. Mick Wall. Do you know why? Because you're so f**kin' scared to slag off a s**t live group like Guns n' Roses in case they beat you up, so instead you slag off Mancunians. How did you manage to land a job at *Kerrang!*? I could do better (if only given the chance). At least I write through my mind and not through my arse. **Georgie Wilder, Manchester**

ELLIOTT'S EXTREMITIES

OH! I must protest. As you may have noticed in issue 159 you gave us some more stikkas. But why, oh why, is Joe Elliott clutching his testicles and saying oooh!!! No wonder Phil Collen is looking t'other way. Howz about one of Lee Aaron holding her tits rather than this sexist crap. Thanks anyway. **A concerned doctor.**

FUN WITH FLEXIS

WHILST PERUSING the local noiseagent for a kopy of da mighty *K!*, my 'minces' caught a glance of something vaguely familiar, not amongst the (living?) musik press, or on the top shelf, but in with the role-playing mags. Now I still think D & D is drunk 'n' disorderly, but on said kover of a certain *White Dwarf* was the legend 'free inside: Sabbat flexi-disc' (my God, can the stereo take another flexi-disc?). I'd heard the group before, both on the radio and on a demo, and they were interesting enough for me to fork out the extra sponds.

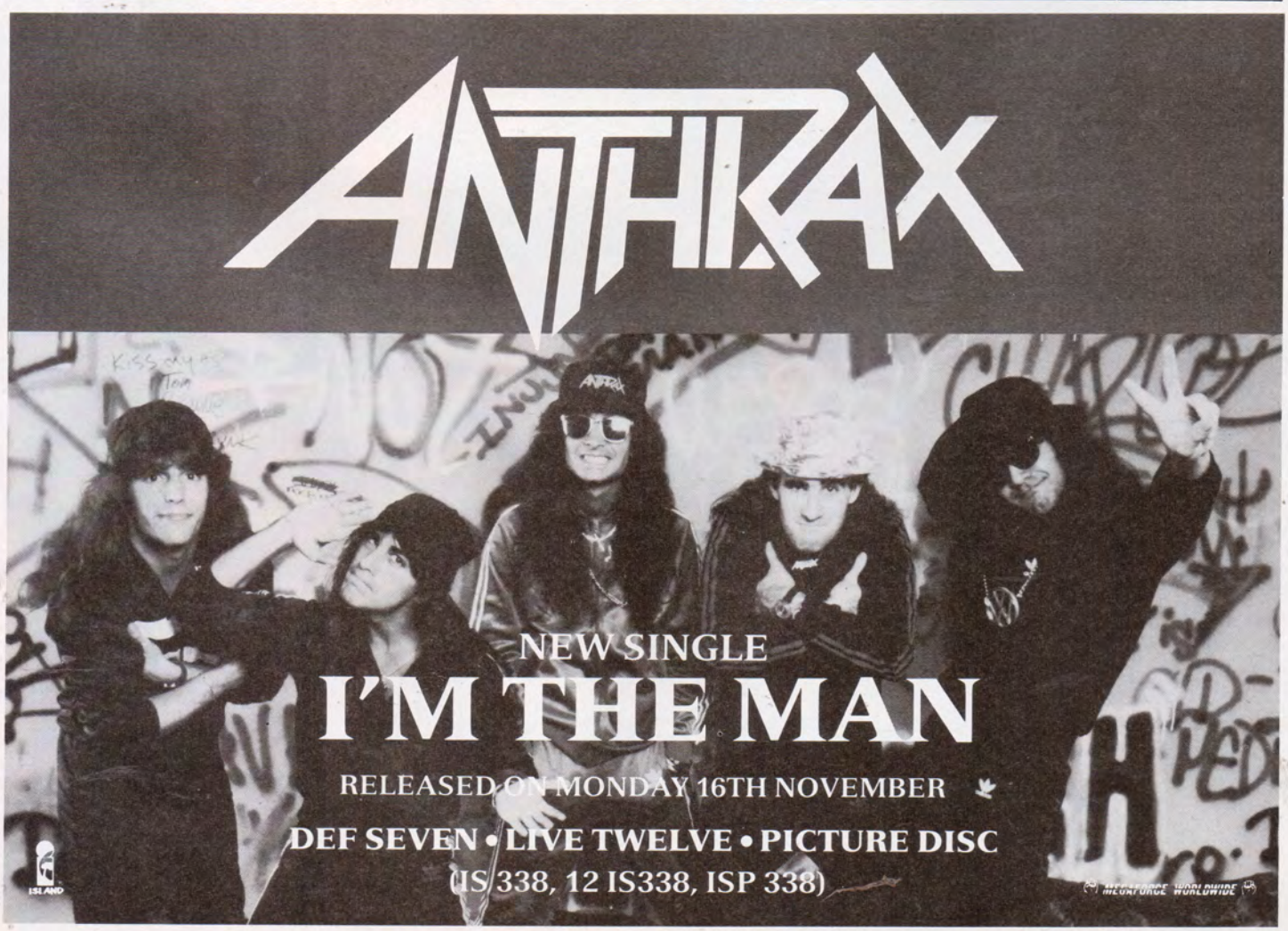
Back home, disc on deck, needle trembling, I listened, and what I heard was good, very good. In fact once they've got some proper vinyl in circulation I feel sure Sabbat will join Onslaught at the top of the British Frash pile. To those of you with little faith – or just total disbelievers – buy the mag or tealeaf the flexi-disc (you'll need scissors though!), listen to it, and support your local Thrash bands, ie this side of the pond. **A mutant crooked eye Orc (whatever that is!) hiding in the wastelands of Norfolk.**

MÖTLEY MÜSING

I'M WRITING to you to tell you how bored I am at work today so I've written you a lovely poem which I know you'll love.

Mötley is the name of the Crüe
O ther groups' boys have nothing on you
T ommy Lee hits the craziest beat
L adies' man Vince knocks you right off your feet
E very Crüe-d girl loves Nikki Sixx
Y ou'll never forget Mick's guitar licks
C oming on strong – these boys do
R ude girls and Jack Daniel's does something to you
U nderwear appears as one fan hurls
E very song is dedicated to those 'Girls, Girls, Girls'.

Great, Ay! **Wheezi, Somewhere In The Backwoods Of Buckinghamshire.**



IT'S A MADSCOUSE...

ANTHRAX/TESTAMENT
Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool

APOLOGIES, APOLOGIES, my most sincere apologies to Testament, another groovy bunch of Thrashers over for UK baptism thanks to mogul of Metal Johnny Z.

I only managed to throw the odd appraising eye over Megaforce's great white hope as they threw down the gauntlet with some flash Thrash.

Still, what I did catch seemed to be hitting all the right notes with a partisan audience. Testament are sussed in the image department, if a little faceless, and they move and Mosh like speeded-up psychos. No doubt their time will come once full Testamental style is reached, but with a good debut LP and promising new material such as 'Disciples Of The Watch' given aural airing here, there should be a place in the hierarchy for the boys.

No doubt next time around they'll be getting reviewed as headliners rather than suffering a cobbled attempt such as this.

But don't you think it's time for an Anthrax backlash? After all, New York's five favourite knuckleheads have been on the receiving end of great reviews for far too long, wouldn't you say? They're getting too big to be beautiful, selling too many records to be real, right?

WRONG! As long as Anthrax keep putting calibre records out then I'm gonna keep telling you that they are geniuses of the genre. And as long as they keep playing like this, like men possessed, then I'm gonna persist in insisting that Anthrax are the best live Thrash band in the world, bar none!

The way the guys in the group rock out, giving it their all under any circumstances, is an utter joy to behold. And were they ever under pressure tonight?! A mad post-gig dash to Holyhead to make a ferry to Dublin would have put a damper on any band's enthusiasm, but add to that the despicable robbery that they suffered here in Liverpool (see Mayhem) and a negative vibe would have been wholly understandable.

Did it happen? Did it hell! Opening with 'Among The Living', Charlie, Frankie, Scott, Joey and Danny whipped up their devilish musical brew like they were the happiest men on earth, cavorting, banging and stomping, as many acts now do, but as no-one does as well.

Anthrax rock'n'roll is a tower of power, precision and punch. Each and every tune in a tight-assed set hits first in the gut and spreads straight to the feet. Blimey, I'd forgotten that rock'n'roll could be this exciting.

Joey may have said, "It's a schizm night for us" – but this crowd was grooving! And why not? With 'Caught In A Mosh' to contend with, all hell broke loose and Scott and Danny turned the

ANTHRAX (from left): Frank Bello, Dan Spitz, Joey Belladonna, Scott 'Not' Ian

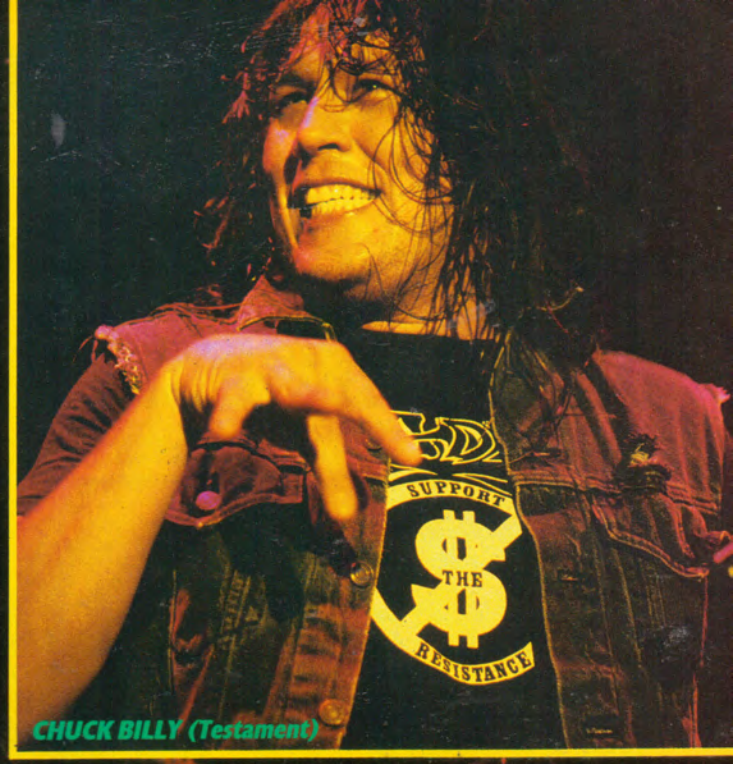
screw as the guitars powered through 'Metal Thrashing Mad', 'I Am The Law', 'Medusa' and 'Madhouse'.

Anthrax is excitement, fun and bloody good music all the way, everyday. Neither Danny's guitar buzz nor a long power failure before the encore could detract from that. A rousing musical chorus of football song 'Here We Go' and 'God Save The Queen' in the encore showed how much the band still rate Britain. The crowd showed how much they still rate Anthrax by partying down most severely. They even forgave Joey for saying, "Hello London". Hey, the guy's only human!

I've got to confess that this is the first time since . . . ooh . . . The Cult's 'Love' tour that I've felt 200 per cent fan and . . . and . . . okay, I admit it, I was caught dancing on my mate's shoulders. So what? Anthrax do that kind of crazy thing to you and they proved again in Liverpool that, quite simply, they RULE!

Backlash? No chance. An utterly brilliant live performance – and has anyone noticed that Scott is the spitting image of Henry Winkler, the super cool Fonz? Sez a lot, that does!

HOWARD JOHNSON



CHUCK BILLY (Testament)

Pix George Chin

SHRAPNEL

For FREE inclusion write to: Malcolm Dome, Kerrang!, Greater London House, Hampstead Road, London NW1 7QZ. Deadline for publication is at least two weeks priot to cover date. Whenever possible, include a black and white photo with your record release/tour date info.

■ *YORKSHIRE BAND Transmission have just recruited drummer* ***Paul Leetham.*** *He joins* ***Nick Daniel*** *(bass),* ***Craig Todd/Paul Paver*** *(lead guitar),* ***Steve Walker*** *(keyboards) and* ***Dave Nacey*** *(lead vocals). The group are pictured above. They will be appearing at York Arts Centre on November 10/11.*

■ MUSIC FOR NATIONS have just issued the following albums: **'Reign Of Terror'** (**Wild Dogs**) and **'Know Your Enemy'** (**Lääz Rockit**).

■ BROMSGROVE BAND **Wreckage** have just recruited former **Choir Boys/ Spoils Of War** lead vocalist **Embo,** who replaces **Pete Heritage.**

He can be seen in live action with the group at Worcester Hoppers November 24, Birmingham Kaleiodscope December 14 (supporting **Wrathchild**), Nottingham Mardi Gras 24 (again with Wrathchild).

They also have a three-track demo currently available at a price of £2 from: Wreckage, **61 Cloverdale, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs. B60 4NF.** This tape was produced by **Richard Haines** at Dungeon Studios in Chipping Norton and features the following tracks: **'Bad Girl'**, **'Do What You Wanna'** and **'Free For All'**.

■ SHEFFIELD BAND **Midnight Blue** will be recording a demo single, with **Saxon** lead vocalist **Biff Byford** acting as producer, during the Christmas period. This is to be titled **'Push & Plug'**. In the meantime, the band will be appearing at Barnsley The Toby Jug on November 30.

■ SURREY BAND **Howling Mad** have parted company with guitarist **Paul Elphick,** leaving the line-up as **Julian Bysouth** (lead vocals), **Armitage Shanx** (guitar) and **Keith Butland** (bass/backing vocals).

The band aren't looking to replace **Elphick,** however they are still searching for a drummer and interested parties should contact **Phil Smith** on: **01-654 3490.**

Howling Mad currently have a four-track demo available at a price of £1.70 (incl. p&p) from: Armitage Shanx, **25 Greenview Ave., Shirley, Croydon, Surrey CR0 7QW.** This tape (titled **'A Taste Of Things To Come'**) features the numbers **'Bastard Son'**, **'A Taste Of Things To Come'**, **'Under The Influence'** and **'Evil'**. A 12" EP should follow sometime next year.

■ *LINCOLNSHIRE BAND* ***Painted Lady*** *(above) recently won the Lincolnshire Festival rock band contest and have just finished work on a three-track demo featuring* ***'You Should Have Been Mine'***, ***'Painted Lady'*** *and* ***'Loving You'****. Further information is available from:* ***C. Stubley, 52 Abbey Rd., Swineshead, Boston, Lincs. PE20 3EN.***

■ MINNEAPOLIS BAND **Powermad** have signed a deal with Mercenary Records in the US and hope to release an album early in 1988. Their line-up is **Joey Dubay** (lead vocals/guitar), **Adrian Liberty** (percussion), **Jeff Litke** (bass) and **Todd Haug** (guitar).

■ **THE WAR PARTY**, who've just released a single (**'This Time'**/ **'Ballroom Blitz'** – the latter being a cover version of the **Sweet** classic) on the Jeepster label, play a show at Gt. Yarmouth Brunswick Hotel on November 19.

The band's line-up is **Bruno** (lead guitar), **Hammy** (lead vocals) and **Willy** (bass).

■ BARNSLEY BAND **Seventh Son** have just released a single titled **'Northern Boot'**. They will shortly be issuing an album, which will be a ten-track LP, to be recorded at the Music Factory Studios in Yorkshire.

The group's line-up is **Bri Shaughnessy** (lead vocals), **Kev Shaughnessy** (guitar), **Rick Gregory** (bass), **Andy Frost** (guitar) and **John Talbot** (drums).

■ LONDON-BASED band **Thirteen** are currently seeking a suitable drummer to fit in with their **Motörhead/Zodiac Mindwarp** style. For further information call **Cleo** on: **01-379 6266.**

■ NEWARK BAND **Interpol** have a four-track demo titled **'Weirdo'** currently available at a price of £2 (incl. p&p) from: **61 London Rd., New Balderton, Neward, Notts. NG24 1RZ.**

■ *FORMER* ***ATTENTAT ROCK/ Pink Rose*** *musician* ***Marc Quee*** *(above) has just recorded a demo with guitarist* ***JJ Marsch*** *(of* ***Spellbound****) and backing vocalists* ***Bo*** *and* ***Anders Lindmark*** *(of Swedish act* ***Dalton****) in Sweden. This features the numbers* ***'Queen Of The Night'*** *and* ***'Loving You'****.*

Further information is available from: Marc Quee, ***Geijersg. 27D, 752 26, Uppsala, Sweden.***

All cheques/POs should be made payable to **'I. Shipley'**.

There's also a live video available at a price of £5 (incl. p&p) from the same address.

■ NEW HARDCORE band **Vagabond** (formed from the remnants of Birmingham act **Adversary**) will begin work shortly on a four-track demo titled **'Symphony Of Deaf'**. This will feature the following cuts: **'Acid Head'**, **'Prostitute'**, **'DG – Go Kick A Bucket'** and **'Path Of Destruction'**.

The band's line-up is **Simon** (lead vocals), **Michael/Tov** (guitar), **Stork** (bass) and **Boss** (drums). Further information on the group can be obtained by writing to: **Vagabond, 40 Rushmore House, Cockhill Lane, Rubery, Birmingham B45 9RU.**

■ **PADDY GOES TO HOLYHEAD** have signed both management and publishing deals and are currently negotiating a recording contract. The band (who feature guitarists **Andy Scott/Mal McNulty** of **Sweet,** lead vocalist **Danny Hynes** of **Weapon, Statetrooper** duo **Jeff Brown** and **Bruce Bisland** on bass and drums, respectively, and keyboardsman **Phil Lanzon** of **Uriah Heep**) will be appearing live at London Marquee Club November 14, Fulham The Greyhound 21.

■ SAN FRANCISCO band **Brocas Helm** have just released a five-track cassette sampler, featuring music from their forthcoming concept album **'Black Death'**. The track listing is: 'Black Death', **'Fly High'**, **'Satan's Prophets'**, **'Hell's Whip'** and **'Prepare For Battle'**. It's available by post from: Brocas Helm, **Suite 212, 1455-A Market St., San Francisco, California 94103.** It's priced at $5 plus p&p.

The group hope to get a deal for the 'Black Death' LP shortly.

TRIXX (above), from the Edinburgh area, play East Kilbride The Bruce Hotel on December 2. The band will have their current demo, ***'Lowlife'****, on sale at the show. This includes the tracks* ***'Love Is A Game'***, ***'Lowlife'*** *and* ***'Call It Love'****.*

They are also seeking new management at the moment and interested parties should call ***Terry Lee*** *on:* ***031 445 3823.***

WOLFSBANE play Birmingham Edwards No. 8 November 12, London Marquee Club 13, Canterbury Christchurch College Students Union 14, Brighton Polytechnic The Basement 19, Buckley The Tivoli 26, Birkenhead Stairways 28, Glasgow The Venue December 4, Walthamstow Royal Standard 18, Birmingham Edwards No. 8 30, Poole Mr. C's January 16.

EXCALIBUR play Freeston Normanton November 16, Sheffield University December 9 (with **Budgie**).

MARINO & THE AFTER FOREVER BAND continue on the road with the following shows: Hull Waterfront Club November 10, Leicester Princess Charlotte 11, Dudley JB's 12, Tipton Glaxy Theatre 13 (unemployment benefit gig), Gloucester Bowler Hat 14, London Marquee Club 25.

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL play Kilburn National Ballroom on November 12, supported by **Ghost Dance.** Tickets are priced at £5 and Beggars Banquet will be releasing a new single, to be taken from their **'House Of Dolls'** album, to coincide with this show.

IDOL RICH have the following shows confirmed: London Marquee Club November 17 (with **Blue Blud**), Birmingham Edwards No. 8 December 10 (with **Tilt**), Portsmouth Basins 16.

PARISIENNE BLONDE, who've just recruited former **Roulette** guitarist **Tim Porter,** play the following shows: Walthamstow Royal Standard November 11, Eastbourne Archery Tavern December 5 (supporting **No Shame**), Walthamstow Royal Standard 11, Hastings The Carlisle 12, Gillingham Southern Belle 19.

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CINCINATTI *play dates at Sheffield Northern General Hospital November 11 (with* ***Kalamazoo****), Sheffield University December 2.*

The band come from Sheffield and are pictured above (from left): ***Andy Bassett*** *(guitar/backing vocals),* ***Roy McLeod*** *(bass/lead vocals),* ***Stuart Wright*** *(drums/backing vocals) and* ***John Grainger*** *(guitar/backing vocals). They have just completed work on a demo titled* ***'Dark Side'****, which features the following tracks:* ***'Dancing Like A Cat'****,* ***'Answers'*** *and* ***'The Dark Side Of Your Smile'****.*

For further information on the band, write to: ***Roy McLeod, Flat 7, 30 Beech Hill Rd., Sheffield 10.***

TIGERTAILZ and **DRN** have both been confirmed as support acts on the forthcoming UK tour by Japanese band **Vow Wow**. The list of dates is as follows: Sheffield University November 18, Edinburgh The Venue 19, Elgin City Hall 20, Glasgow Louis' 21, Newcastle-Upon-Tyne Mayfair 23, Nottingham Rock City 24, London Astoria Theatre 26, Lowestoft South Pier Pavilion 28, Bristol Colston Hall 30, Birmingham Powerhouse December 1, Manchester Apollo 2, Buckley The Tivoli 3, Folkestone Leas Cliff Hall 6.

All three bands have just released new albums, viz **'Young And Crazy'** (Tigertailz, on the Music For Nations label), **'Get Out On The Road!'** (DRN, through Metal Masters) and **'V'** (Vow Wow, on Arista).

APOCALYPSE, from the London area, play dates at St. Albans Horn Of Plenty November 19, East Ham Ruskin Arms 20. These are the first shows to feature the band's new line-up, which now includes former **English Dogs** bassist **Mark Watson**.

Their demo is now available at a price of £2.50 (inc. p&p) from: **10 Holmbury View, Springfield, Upper Clapton, London E5 9EG**.

THE GROUNDHOGS play Staffordshire The Stoke Inn on November 19. Admission is £1.

STRANGER play Chatham The Town Hall on November 20. This was postponed from October 22. They will also be appearing at Chatham St. Georges Hotel on November 27.

RIFF RAFF play Bury The Derby Hall November 10, Rawtenstall Queens Arms 14, Ramsbottom Railway 21, Farnworth Royal Hotel December 12.

RESIST will be appearing at Leicester Sector 5 Club on November 10.

QUEST play Leicester Sector 5 Club on November 11.

PENDRAGON play Portsmouth Polytechnic Students Union on November 25.

THE PINK FAIRIES will be appearing at Eastbourne Archery November 13, Deptford The Crypt 20, Dudley Town Hall 26. The band have just released a new album titled **'Kill 'Em And Eat 'Em'** through the Demon label. Their line-up is **Larry Wallis** (guitar/lead vocals), **Andy Colquhoun** (guitar/lead vocals), **Duncan Sanderson** (bass), **Twink** (drums/vocals) and **Russell Hunter** (drums).

LAWNMOWER DETH, GROINAL BLOODSURGE and **BANK JOB** play Nottingham The Yorker on November 12. Admission is free.

GANG GREEN, CIRCLE JERKS and **DEATH WARMED UP** play Birmingham The Mermaid on November 20.

ARAGON *(above) play Lewes All Saints November 14, Newhaven Cloud Nine 28, Walthamstow Royal Standard January 5, Hastings The Carlisle 9.*

The band have just recorded a new demo at Bloomsbury Studios in Brighton, which has the following track listing: ***'Walk On Fire'****,* ***'Break It Up'****,* ***'Over And Over (Night After Night)'*** *and* ***'Nothing Is Forever'****.*

GHOST DANCE play Kilburn National Ballroom November 12, Newport Leisure Centre 13, Bedford Greyfriars International 14, Liverpool Polytechnic 17, Manchester University Main Hall 20, Coventry Polytechnic 21, Leeds Polytechnic December 1, Leicester University 2, Sheffield University 3, London Marquee Club 18.

DEATHWISH play Shepherds Bush The Wellington November 12, Portsmouth Basins December 19.

EXUMER have now been confirmed as the support act for **Warfare** at London Marquee Club on November 15.

TRANSACTION, from Edinburgh, play Edinburgh Calton Studios on November 14.

FORCE and **DEUCE** play Birmingham Edwrds No. 8 on November 15.

THE TYGERS OF PAN TANG and **SLOWBURNER** play Birmingham Edwards No. 8 on November 18.

THE QUIRE BOYS and **FAYRE WARNING** will be appearing at Birmingham Edwards No. 8 on November 19.

TOAD, from Essex, play Southend Reids on November 17. Their line-up, is **Enoch Toad Stringbreaker II** (rhythm guitar), **Captain DO Chaos** (lead vocals/bass), **Jack Black** (lead guitar), **Rix Stix** (drums) and **Mac Black** (bass).

RICH RAGS play Hull The Anchor on November 15.

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Nov 21st Sat	"Six Bells", Chiddingly.
Nov 22nd Sun	"The Swan", Fulham.
Nov 23rd Mon	"Rayzells", Milton Keynes.
Nov 24th Tue	"Royal Standard", Walthamstow.
Nov 25th Wed	"The Wheatsheaf", Dunstable.
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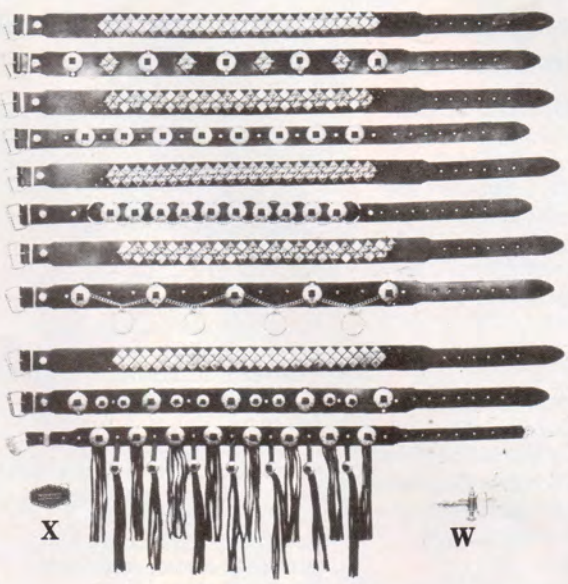

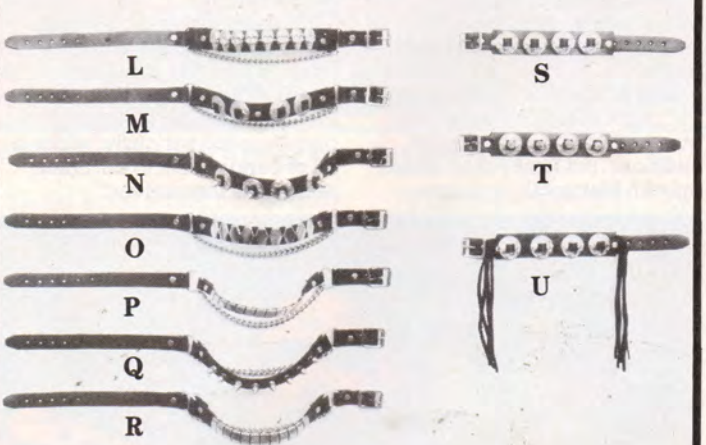

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GUT FEELING

The four members of MAMMOTH may weigh half a ton between them, but with John McCoy and Nicky Moore in the line-up they can't be dismissed as a novelty act out to raise the odd belly laugh. Never say diet, proclaims an in-fat-uated CHRIS WELCH, hailing the arrival of Podge Power!

MAMMOTH MAKE America's Fat Boys look like Gene Loves Jezebel. But they are not just a bunch of junk food fanatics out for a quick buck and a cheeseburger. The band comprises some of the UK's most respected rock talents, who have accepted the laws of nature which dictate they should be fatties! Nicky Moore (vocals) and John McCoy (bass) decided fighting flab was a hopeless task, flung away their diet sheets and inaugurated Podge Power.

Their first step was to recruit fellow stout parties to create a band of gargantuans. It wasn't easy.

Lots of 13 stone musos under the impression they were overweight turned up for the auditions. But finally they ended up with Mammoth, a quartet who tip the scales at around 22 stone each and between them weigh half a ton!

Just to prove the point and to amuse Wapping style photographers, they had themselves weighed with an elephant at London Zoo – an exercise which showed that Mammoth are quite prepared for jokes at their expense. Beneath it all, however, is some great music and a really fine band.

Are Mammoth just a gimmick? John and Nicky, those most gentle of giants, shook their heads as we sat in a cavernous South London rehearsal studio, underneath railway arches.

"We are serious about what we're doing and the music," insisted John (ex-Ian Gillan Band). "There is a difference between that and taking ourselves too seriously, which a lot of bands seem to do. Some really love themselves!"

MAMMOTH HAVE been busy getting their act together for a year. They signed to Jive Records and have just released their first single, 'Fat Man', with an album to follow. They were due to make their debut at the Reading Festival, but pulled out saying they were "too big to get out of the studio". They also claimed the Reading stage wasn't strong enough for them *and* the elephant they wanted to use in the act.

In the event, the band were due to make their 'live' debut at a show in Wales to celebrate Radio One's 20th anniversary on November 6. But I was privileged to see the band play a set, just for *Kerrang!*. Vinnie Reed sat at his enormous drum kit (with four bass drums, soon to be six), on his reinforced steel stool, and counted the band into one of their best numbers, 'Home From The Storm'. They also played 'Thirty Pieces Of Silver'.

Nicky, who is undoubtedly the biggest of the bunch, twirled his microphone like a lasso, and sang his heart out with the rich, soulful voice that first came to our attention in Samson. When he was with Paul Samson's outfit he was under pressure to lose weight, and slimmed down until he was incredibly thin. But nobody recognised him and he was incredibly unhappy.

Nicky was off the scene after a disastrous US tour, but came back to help John McCoy form Mammoth. John, with bald head, twinkling eyes and beard is an arresting figure, with a quiet but deadly sense of humour. McCoy and Moore, squabbling over cigarettes and engaging in much banter and ribbing, make a well matched team.

One of their problems was finding a guitar player who was both fat *and* brilliant. On the album they used the stripling Bernie Tormé and the hefty Kenny Cox, but for live dates

Pic Ray Palmer

***EAT 'EM AND . . . SCOWL:** (l-r) John McCoy, Nicky Moore, Vinnie Reed, Big Mac*

they intend to use the reasonably bulky Big Mac, while a top secret skinny kid, Gavin, known as Small Fries, has been seen lurking in the background.

Vinnie joined the band in January and is featured on the album. He admits that it took him eight hours to set up his kit the first time he put it together, just one of the perils of being in Mammoth.

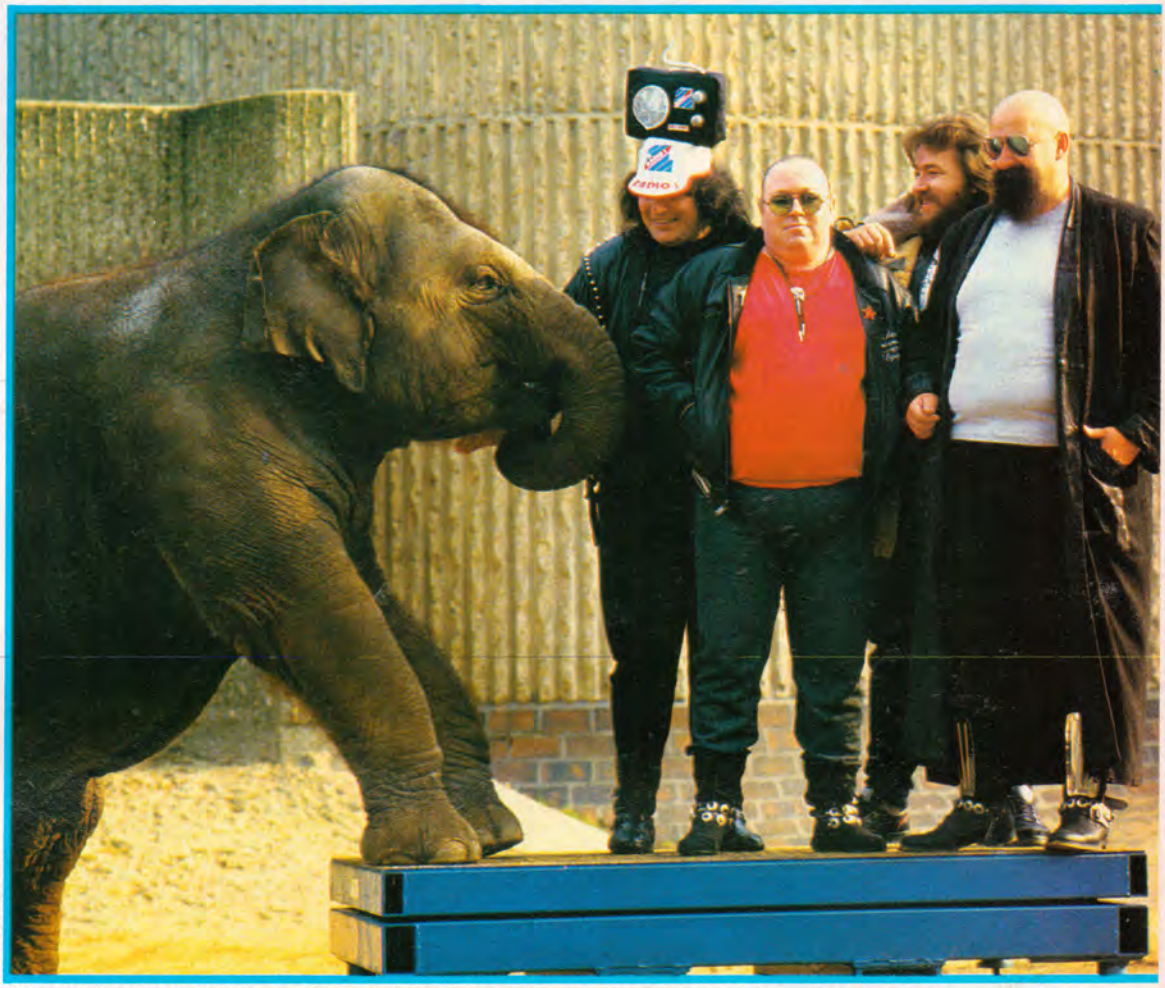
"This is my first big group," he explained. "I got the gig after answering an ad in *Kerrang!*. All it said was 'Large drummer wanted'."

John McCoy, who placed the ad, explained how he put the Mammoth concept together:

"Nicky and I got together on an album session and got on really well. We started writing songs and slowly but surely decided to put a band together. The next step was to have similar sized people in the band, which in fact proved very difficult.

"Then Vinnie turned up and we started with Kenny Cox on guitar. We did a Radio One session and Zomba Publishing got in touch. This was before they had seen us or knew what the image was.

"That's one of the reasons we signed with them because we were being offered deals by other labels mainly because of the image. Zomba liked the *songs*. So we started the album. The first one we worked on was, in fact, a Paul Samson solo album which came out later."



Pic Pete Cronin

***MAMMOTH ENSURE** that a potential keyboard recruit is heavy enough to make the grade*

NICKY AND John now feel free to write in a huge variety of musical styles. There is even a touch of reggae as well as hard rock on some of the numbers . . .

"We got people in who were right for a particular track – so we got Bernie Tormé in for a couple of solos. Vinnie did all the drums and percussion and I did the rhythm guitar parts and keyboards through a MIDI guitar system. During the course of the album we were still looking for band members and were lucky enough to come across Big Mac who is a great guitarist from Croydon. We heard about him on the grapevine and he took a lot of tracking down.

"He's now a fully fledged member. His real name is McBaker, but everyone calls him Big Mac, cos he's so big and he's growing all the time!"

Mammoth may also use a keyboard player and the secret guitarist for 'live' dates to fill out the sound, but the basic line-up is the four fatties.

"The first gig at Prestatyn is part of a Radio One week, like their anniversary party. It's like the Friday Rock Show with Tommy Vance and an audience of four and a half million with us playing live.

"The single, 'Fat Man', was written by us and the company think it's the most commercial, although there are other tracks they think could be singles, and so do we. But if we put out a song everyone thinks is 'The Big One' and for whatever reasons it gets lost . . . it would be a shame. If we do get any sort of success, then 'Home From The Storm' could be a really big hit. It's one of my favourite tracks, but it's not something you can put out as a single until you're established."

Said Nicky: "There are five or six singles on the album but it has to be built up. We want to be around for a long time. That's the point of putting the band together. We don't want to make a killing for a year and then disappear. We want to make it long-term – this is just the tip of the iceberg. We are getting better all the time.

"The album is very varied but there are certain avenues we really want to explore further. There's a track called 'I Bet You Wish', a fast song which turned into a rap that we really enjoy playing. I want to explore that a lot more."

"That doesn't describe it," disagreed John. "It's not rap. If you take the vocals out it's more like a blues.

"We've all been in so many different bands and done lots of different things," said John, "now we find there is a mountain of untapped stuff we can try out. We're not closing our minds. Heavy Metal is fine, but we don't want to limit ourselves. In fact, we are the heaviest band in the world! And there is a bit of Metal innit!"

"This is the best band for me," said Nicky, "because now I can sing melodic songs and I have a lot more freedom than ever before. Ad libbing used to be cut out. Now I can follow my own designs and be totally involved in the songs. It's absolutely wonderful. I'm singing my head off. It's a dream band."

GETTING MAMMOTH on the road will present unique problems. They had a band bus but found it wasn't big enough.

"We need two seats each," said John, "so we'll need a really big coach."

"We also need double rooms," said Nicky, "and double beds. Me sleeping in a single bed is pathetic. They usually break. We also have a reputation for breaking chairs."

"We got through a lot of chairs on the album," smiled John, as Nicky dissolved into quivering laughter.

"Food is also something we worry about all the time. Not having it! Not being able to get someone to go down to MacDonalds."

What happens when the band arrives at the Blue Boar clamouring for hamburgers?

"They close," said John. "No, we do manage to eat a helluva lot of food. We also burn a helluva lot of energy. It's a hard life being fat."

Didn't they try to reduce weight?

"Yes, I tried the Big Slim," said Nicky, "and I didn't like it. I lost 9½ stone, got there, because everybody told me I had to look like the epitome of a lead singer, and I hated it. I decided to put half of it back on, but enjoyed it so much the whole lot went on, and more. Deep down inside I'm a fat man and that's the end of it.

"I know people say, 'What about your heart?' But so what? I do have a glandular problem and it makes me a greedy bastard. I get pissed off with it sometimes, but skinny people get fed up as well."

"I just wonder where it's all gonna end," said John. "I'm getting bigger all the time. In the Ian Gillian Band I weighed 18 stone but now I'm 22. Nicky is 24 and putting on more."

Meanwhile, Mammoth are planning to rampage through the world's rock markets next year, with the Japanese in particular making welcoming noises.

"We'll certainly look big out there!" said John. "And we're going to the States in the Spring. The single will be a smash, so we'll do a headline tour!"

There's nothing like confidence.

BOOKS!

'ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ROCK' by Phil Hardy and Dave Laing (Macdonald Orbis)

IF I found this book in my Christmas stocking I would be quite pleased because **a**) it would have to be a pretty big stocking and **b**) this Encyclopedia Of Rock is a hugely informative book.

It is a stout volume which has been tastefully produced in this hardback format. Hundreds of colour photos plus sections not only on bands and solo artists but also on record companies, music styles, Los Angeles, Liverpool (and why not, good rocking cities that they are) and just about everything connected with the music business.

Some areas do reveal themselves to be sketchy though, and others are totally ignored. For example, the Barclay James Harvest blurb gives the original line-up, but there's no mention of the current one or that it ever changed at all. One gets the feeling that the author ignores what he isn't interested in or hasn't bothered to find out.

I can't help detecting other bias as well. There are no inclusions on Thrash bands; yep, no Anthrax and no Metallica (no Music For Nations). What's more, there's no Ratt, no Mötley Crüe and no Bon Jovi – I tire of looking – to name but a few. You might argue that perhaps Macdonalds, the publishers, don't want to lump Heavy Metal in with rock (Nina Simone is included! the plot thickens), but Motörhead are there, along with Iron Maiden, about whom is written 'a dense sound of awesome mindlessness' Unfair, inaccurate and dumb.

Obviously a second volume is already needed to fill in the gaping holes. And this one already needs an update, ending as it does some twelve months back in some cases.

It is not for the hard-hearted Heavy Metal purist but it is, all the same, useful (to settle those arguments) and interesting reading.

SARA SAIGON

'STAR CARS' by Beki Adam (Osprey)

WHEN YOU get stuck into the meat of the book trying to discover what theme it is that author Beki Adam wants to get across, it's easy to become dubious about its content. When you take a peek at the RRP then you're damn sure that you're dubious. £9.95 for this jumble? Pull the other one!

We start with a few dead stars' cars (Jimmy Dean, Steve McQueen), move on to the nearly dead (Jeff Beck, Nick Mason) and then to the very much alive (David Lee Roth, Eddie Van Halen). So much for continuity, but then thrown in for no obvious purpose is that well-known real life character James Bond! Why on earth weren't his motors chucked in with the other film motors such as Herbie and KITT, with the pieces that Beki wrote when she realised she wouldn't have enough stars *and* their cars to fulfil her contractual obligations?!

There isn't a rock star/film car maker/stunt man interview anywhere to shed any personal light on *why* certain cars make certain people's motors run. All we're given is a reasonable technical run-down and some nice pics of the machines in question. A pleasant, if unoriginal idea that's been poorly executed.

KULTURE!

EDITED BY MALCOLM DOME

'THE UNCYCLOPEDIA OF ROCK' by Jeremy Pascall, Angus Deayton, Geoffrey Perkins (Ebury Press)

YES YES yes. Very wacky. Very sixth-form grammar school humour. Of course rock 'n' roll needs the rise taking out of its own spandex trousers from time to time, but surely not in such a smug, trite and generally unfunny fashion. Yeah, rock 'n' roll is ridiculous, but these three boys are making a very happy living out of its idiocy aren't they?

They don't make very many funny jokes, the average standard summed up by their assertion that Colonel Tom Parker's business experience prior to Elvis was 'running a fast food restaurant selling deep-friend fountain pens'. Oh yes, I laughed 'till the tears ran!

Maybe, just maybe, some of this would have worked on radio (where the authors primarily make their bucks?) but on the printed page? Well I wouldn't advise you make these three idiots any richer!

'WEAVEWORLD' by Clive Barker (Collins)

FANTASY WORK often leaves me cold. The 'Dungeons And Dragons' mentality of many of its perpetuators leaves much of the genre locked firmly in the underworld of pulp novels. Clive Barker, however, is different.

Without wishing to sound excessively jingoistic, I'd suggest it's because he's British, and more specifically, from the run-down northern city of Liverpool. Hence Barker's desire for escapism is always irrevocably linked to a deep-seated sense of reality.

'Weaveworld', as the title suggests, manages to combine fantasy and reality with crafted ease. It's a novel of balance where outrageous fantasy slips into and through our everyday world of banality.

Trying to explain the plot in a few brief words is futile. Barker has woven his themes so convincingly that you *have* to read the novel yourself to untangle all its elements. However, fans of the darker side of the man's writing need not fear. 'Weaveworld' contains as much 'shadow' as 'sunlight' and holds a few blood-cooling surprises amongst its undoubted literary technique.

Thoroughly recommended!

HOWARD JOHNSON

'IT' by Stephen King (Hodder and Stoughton)

VIRTUALLY ONE year since its original release in Britain, 'It' is now re-released in a paperback 'special collector's' edition. What is 'special' about this print run is that it has the author's typed message and duplicated autograph in the front. Bit gratuitous really; why didn't Mr. King do a bookstore signing, thus making a copy of 'It' *really* special and worth collecting?

'It' is terrifying, horrifying and lovingly put together by one of the best contemporary fiction writers, and to my mind the best horror writer: King's storytelling contains a depth and a realism that few have got close to.

The story unfolds around the violent murders of several children in a small town in New Hampshire. 'It' alternates between 1958 and 'present day' 1985 and presents the life and history of a town deeply rooted in an evil which its citizens are not aware of. 'Derry's a strange town' they mutter as some accident diminishes the population count, *again*.

We are also witness to the real horrors of child abuse, anti-homosexuality, wife-battering, racism and anti-semitism. The children of the town are victims, not only of the unknown evil but of their tragic circumstances, and a lot of them, as you would expect in a novel à la King, end up horribly mutilated and dead.

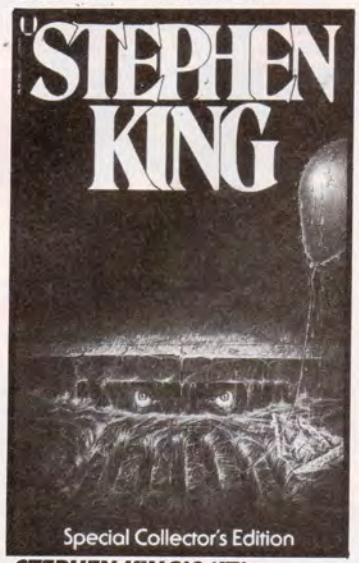
Luckily a group of kids befriend one another and sort the problem out; does it sound a bit Disney? It isn't, it is adult, it is disturbing, and *all* the adults are disturbing.

The quotes from Springsteen and Neil Young, ('Out Of The Blue And Into The Black'!) and namechecks given to Def Leppard, Twisted Sister and Judas Priest (all in the same sentence) add a certain reality.

A couple of times whilst reading 'It' I thought, "Phhf, bugger off Stephen, you ain't scarin' me," only to find myself moments later transfixed in 'It''s dark, dank grip reaching for the Valium.

SARA SAIGON

KOMPETITION!



STEPHEN KING'S 'IT': terrifying, horrifying, Valium-inducing . . .

OK, FOLKS we've got something special lurking in our cupboards . . . and we wanna get rid of it. Or rather 'of them'! Yeah, we've sneakily managed to get together no less than five copies of a very limited edition book indeed. This is the 'Special Collector's Edition' of the famed **Stephen King** chiller '**It**', featuring the author's autograph – and with a print run of just 1000 a rare item indeed.

So, King fans everywhere get ready to answer three simple questions:

1) Name the movie in which King made his acting debut.
2) Which movie saw King make his directorial debut?
3) . . . And which band provided the soundtrack music for this film?

Right, get those answers onto a postcard and send them to: *Kerrang!* King Kompetition, Spotlight Publications, Greater London House, Hampstead Rd., London NW1 7QZ.

VIDZ!

I SUSPECT there aren't many play school graduates out there amongst you who actually fell for the Muppet-esque charms of '**Labyrinth**' (CBS/Fox), but for die-hard David Bowie fans the fact that Jim Henson's fairytale film is now available on video will mean that for the price of Bowie's last couple of albums you can be embarrassed by the great man's worst acting performance in the relative sanctuary of your own living room.

For those who never bothered with the movie first time around, it's a Tolkien-type tale with vague 'Wizard Of Oz' tones about a lonely adolescent girl who is forced to babysit by her step mother and becomes frustrated enough to wish the Goblins would take her baby brother away. Bowie is the Goblin King who shocks the girl by granting her impetuous wish, and then tells her she has 13 hours to find her brother in his castle before he's turned into a Goblin. And an eventful journey through a strange maze of horrid places like The Bog Of Eternal Stench follows. (Although why Henson wanted to include Highbury is anyone's guess.)

But if Bowie is the star of 'Labyrinth', Fish's glorious beer-gut steals the spotlight on **Marillion**'s '**Live From Loreley**' video (EMI). As the band glide effortlessly through a crisp clutch of new songs like 'Slainte Mhath', the exquisite 'Sugar Mice', 'Hotel Hobbies', 'Warm Wet Circles', 'That Time Of Night', 'The Last Straw' and 'Incommunicado', the huge Scot strides around proudly patting his gargantuan gut like an expectant mother. And as they wow the massive, adoring festival crowd with 'Assassing', 'Kayleigh', 'Lavender' and 'Heart Of Lothian', that monstrous mound wobbles like a vat of cold custard. Brilliant!

Fish is great, and these particular live chips off the Marillion block are a worthwhile visual accompaniment to Mick Wall's official biography. Devour with or without salt 'n' vinegar.

And for dessert why not try one of the few re-releases around at the moment? The **Alarm**'s '**Spirit Of '86**' (Hendring) is a good enough recollection of the spiky-topped Taffys' free concert at the UCLA in America. But I'd recommend **Thin Lizzy**'s '**Live & Dangerous**'(Hendring).

Recorded at London's Rainbow Theatre in '78, this is an essential purchase that highlights Phil Lynott and the band in their prime, working up breath-taking surges of energy on classics like 'The Boys Are Back In Town', 'Emerald' and 'Massacre'. The last time this was released I suggested you dig deep to afford it. Now I'm afraid I'm gonna have to insist.

MARK PUTTERFORD

FILMZ!

'THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK' (18)
BILLED AS a Horror Komedy, 'The Witches Of Eastwick' only half worked for me. The horror was virtually non-existent and the gags only worked when Jack (I-only-like-playing-Demons) Nicholson was on da skreen. *That* was when it bekame a skream!

Take three unmarried women, namely Susan Sarandon, Michelle Pfeiffer and Cher, bung 'em in a typikal New England town (very Stephen King!). Let Daryl Van Horne take over the old mansion at the top of the hill and you have yourself a plot!

Now then, the three gals have bekome very bored by the lecherous men of the town, and while praying for the man of their dreams unwittingly summon up the Devil (Jack Nicholson). But he kould hardly go round under the takky monicker of Satan, kould he, so he's affektionately known as Daryl Van Horne.

He soon has his wikked way with the gals who then kause havok with the lokal town folk! The rest you'll just have to see for yourself!

'THE UNTOUCHABLES' (15)
HE HORRIFIED us with 'Carrie', he shocked us with 'Dressed To Kill' and he krelled us with 'Scarface' – now the Master of Suspense and All Things Nasty is at it again. Ladies and Gentlemen, I bring you Brian De Palma's 'The Untouchables'.

Brian De Palma as usual goes straight for your throat and doesn't let go, for example a little gal gets blown to smithereens at the beginning when you least expect it, plus there's a somewhat 'smashing' scene with Al Capone's baseball bat.

"So just who are 'The Untouchables'?" I hear you kry. Well, they're a gang of four Clint Eastwood style kops who, like Dirty Harry, shoot first and ask questions later, only the movie is set in 1931 Chicago. Yeah, and we're talkin' serious amounts of Prohibition on liquor here and all that jazz, and this gang of four, which inkludes Kevin Costner as the incorruptible Eliot Ness and a really hammy Sean Konnery as Malone, are after just one gangster, yep, you guessed it – Al Capone. Robert De Niro as Big Al is spot on and his impersonation of Anthrax's manager Johnny Zee kan't be faulted – right down to that nasal whine!

XAVIER RUSSELL

KOMIX!

"WHAT'S A GANGSTER?"
I do not remember what my father said,
all I remember is the excitement with which this new information entered my life.
Gangsters wore hats,
and drove big cars.
Gangsters had tommy guns,
which they kept in violent cases.

'Violent Cases' is the title of a quite extraordinary graphic novel (just published by Escape at £4.95), the first *original* graphic novel ever published in this country. As such there is some considerable weight resting on its shoulders since the future of such projects may well depend on the critical and commercial success of this venture. But as a flagship the publishers can hardly have chosen a more impressive vessel. 'Violent Cases' will set standards that may be hard for any other book to match on either side of the Atlantic.

Evocatively written by Neil Gaiman and exquisitely drawn by Dave Mackean 'Violent Cases' is about, well, many things. Essentially it's about the frailty of the human memory, how that memory can be fed and enlarged by both the passing of time and the infusion of fantasy. However certain we may be of our childhood recollection of certain significant events, there remains the ever present possibility that we are only remembering a portion of the 'true facts', that the rest has been coloured in by outside influences, by confusion with other occurrences, by simple fabrications that have assumed the status of truth in our clouded memory.

'Violent Cases' purports to stick wholly to the 'true facts' but careful reading reveals all sorts of inconsistencies between the narrative and the known historical facts. But these inconsistencies have become shrouded in the hazy mire of the narrator's memory, to the extent that they have become truth. This confusion lies at the core of the story, a story that explores the nature of childhood recollection by recalling a chance meeting, at the age of four, with Al Capone's osteopath, who himself attempts to recall events that transpired 30 years earlier in all the violence and confusion of Chicago in the Prohibition.

Here the 'violence' of the story takes place, but the violence, while graphically depicted, only serves to counterpoint and echo the narrator's memories of his childhood and the small instances of violence done to him. Again, the osteopath's memories of Capone intertwine with the child's memories of both the osteopath's tales and moments of conflict with his parents and grandparents.

If all this sounds confusing, well, perhaps it is, but the language, imagery, and poignancy of the tale override this and impel the reader in both repeated readings and his own reminiscences. All this is languidly told but the slow pacing again serves to draw the reader in. And this, too, is achieved by Mackean's quite beautiful illustration. His angles help convey the childlike impression of being terribly small in a world beyond control and comprehension, while his tendencies (touching on both Ralph Steadman and Bill Sienkiewicz) amplify the confusion and distortion of the tale.

Words and pictures combine superbly to manipulate the reader around the spiralling narrative, fading from one storyline to another with cinematic ease. Reality and fantasy become inextricably entwined and by the end of the book you'll be unable to decide which parts of the story were true and which fabricated and which purely misremembered, and maybe you'll even begin to question the veracity of your own memories. And that is surely the point.

With Christmas coming no serious comics fan should be without this book. 'Violent Cases' is breaking new ground in the field of the graphic novel. Don't miss out.

Next time round we'll definitely be taking a look at the 'Watchmen' graphic novel. Honest. Would I lie to you?

DAVE DICKSON

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SINGLEZ

REVIEWED BY CHRIS WELCH

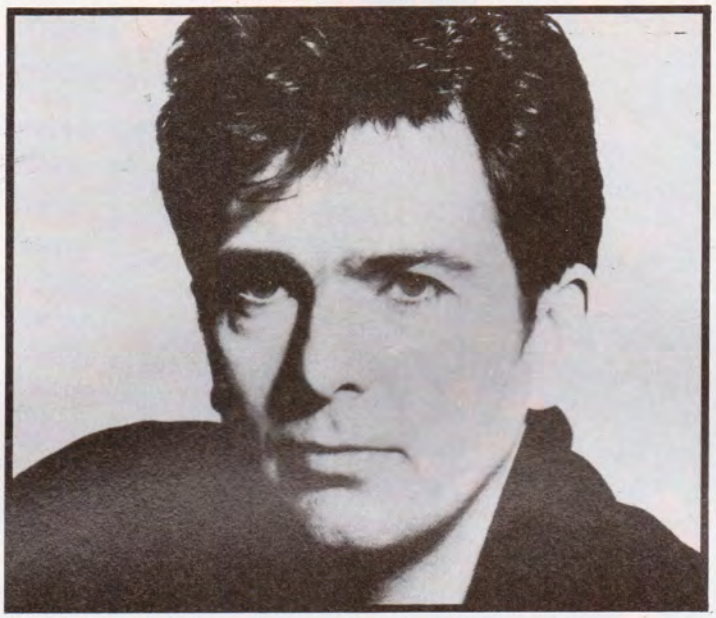
PETER GABRIEL: 'Biko' (Virgin)
Peter's heartfelt, moving musical statement about Stephen Biko, the man who was imprisoned, tortured and killed for fighting racism in South Africa.

This version was recorded live in the US this year, and is featured on an unedited 12-inch format only, with all the proceeds going to African defence funds. The B-side, 'No More Apartheid', features Peter with Little Steven. And it rocks!

HOOTERS: 'Satellite' (CBS)
If Rod Stewart and Pete Townshend ever formed a band together this would have been an ideal name, but The Hooters are sticking their conks into a different nosebag of rhythm.

This is Byrds-Dylan territory, up-dated, revitalised, very strong and melodic. They make an unexpected incursion into reggae territory on 'One Way Home'. Both these cuts are culled from the 'One Way Home' LP, while the B-side, the atmospheric 'All You Zombies', is from 'Nervous Night.' This 12-incher makes a handy introduction to the delights of . . . God this review goes on forever. Cut!

FULL MOON: 'Nemesis' (Lunar)
Moon madness! Is this the world's longest intro? The boys and girl (Angie Walker is on bass) do take an awful long time to warm up, but there is a certain brooding monotony about it all that might appeal to those whose biological clocks run slow. Large, fat men with deep voices whose eyelids blink only once every five minutes and normally reside on the Planet Jupiter f'rinstance. 'Yes . . . . I quite . . . . like this.'



PETER GABRIEL: heartfelt, moving musical statement

BOB DYLAN: 'The Usual' (CBS)
'Someone put the poor old sod out of his misery' shouted a voice across the office as I played this ramshackle, lumbering performance from 'Hearts Of Fire.' Bob was great as a teenaged poet, and even as a stoned celebrity. But now he sounds like a night-club impersonator, a travesty of his past self. One day Bob Dylan will smile and own up.

DALBELLO: 'Tango' (Capitol)
The respected writer and vocalist who came here to support Marillion on their shows turns in an impressive and interesting arrangement. The rarely used tango beat is given 'Bergerac' style atmosphere by the use of accordion, and the lady sings with teeth clenched fury that reminds me of Chrissie Hynde.

REO SPEEDWAGON: 'In My Dreams' (Epic)
The five faceless men of pop go off in their Speedwagon with a merry lilting ballad that has been a huge hit in America, presumably with millions of faceless Speedwagon fans. 'Well Chuck, I'm really into REO Speedwagon, double glazing and collecting different types of barbed wire.'

This has all the impact of being poked in the face with an egg and cress sandwich.

PUBLIC ENEMY: 'Rebel Without A Pause (Vocal Mix)' (Def Jam)
There is a link twixt rap and Metal but this, sadly, ain't it. The irritating squeak that permeates the endless verbal drivel is the sort of thing that drove Michael Caine mad in 'The Ipcress File'. Waste of a good rhythm track.

Onslaught

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Pic Ross Halfin

After nearly four years in the studio and a breakthrough UK tour, DEF LEPPARD return to the roads of America, the country that first took them to its heartland. The band promised something special and they've certainly kept their word, with a spectacular laser show, a rotating drum kit and a stage set up right in the middle of the hall making 'every seat the best seat in the house'. STEFFAN CHIRAZI sees it all at first hand and declares himself a confirmed 'Animal' (and 'Women') lover!

THE WORDS are spoken slowly, there is an underlying feeling of malice in their delivery.

"Yeah, that's right, it's very important. It's on the rider and I want it very very soon. Yes, that's right a large poster. Got it? Good!"

Charlie Hernandez, Def Leppard's US stage manager, slams down the phone and exchanges a chuckle with production chief Adrian. Minutes later, some poor puffing little lad sprints into the production office like his pants are burning his arse off and hurriedly thrusts a rolled-up poster at Hernandez. It is unrolled, perused and accepted with a smile. It is gaffa-taped onto the wall behind the phones. Elvis Presley, 'The King' as he is known in these circles, will be showing up for the next year-and-a-half on Def Leppard's world extravaganza, each night in slightly different pose. And even though there may be more than the odd hiccup in finding the Big 'E' in poster format, when Def Leppard require it they will get it, before 4.00pm . . . even in Providence, Rhode Island.

"It's nothin' to do with us, honest. It's all Charlie's thing, although it does make for some funny laminates, I suppose."

Guitarist Phil Collen, a fifth of the phenomenon that is Def Leppard, stands hands-on-hips chuckling at the whole idea of Elvis and Def. The late singer

KONTINUEZ OVER

Hysteria

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features on all laminates dutifully doled out by tour manager Ian Jeffrey, so it's very much a case of The King being amongst Kings . . . and if that seems a touch over-zealous, I suggest you keep your beady little eyes on this story and eyeball some of RH (Royal Halfin's) tour pix. It should then start to make sense.

America is the big one for Def Leppard, Britain's finest rock export for over a decade. In case there's some severe amnesia going down with you lot, let me remind you who first took Def Leppard to their hearts, who first wore the Union Jack T-shirts emblazoned with their logo. I know that there is probably a fine, loyal, strong hardcore of British Leppard lovers, but when it comes down to it *America* put Def Leppard where they are. No arguments, it's a fact. So playing the country that made you after three-and-a-half years is going to require special qualities and supreme thought.

The re-conquering has been thought about long and hard, angles sized up, ideas tossed around. But when Peter Mensch (half of that tight little management team Burnstein & Mensch, aka Q-Prime) suggested putting the stage slap bang in the middle of the arena there were those who thought his marbles had finally started rollin', rollin', rollin'. Bassist Rick Savage was definitely not into the idea, the others found it highly dubious and even outsiders, when told of the plan, scratched heads thoughtfully and offered no more opinion than "um . . . interesting". Mensch just had to use the ol' gift of the gab, the result being one of the most inspired ideas of the decade.

When I tell you that at 4.45pm on a cold dull day in Providence the Def Leppard stage set three-quarters assembled looks bloody incredible, you should know that things can only get better still. Just an unlit, cold square stage at this moment it's true, but when life has been breathed into it, this will be every bit the monster Def Leppard silently promised America they would bring. A Kabuki-style black curtain complete with new 'Hysteria' artwork is draped around the stage to mask it from prying eyes . . . surprises have to be kept as surprises.

"I played with Tony Currie and George Best once in a charity match, and George passed the ball to me," recounts Joe Elliott gleefully.

I, being the investigative type, ask him what he did with said pass. Joe looks at me almost in disgust.

"I bloody well had a shot, didn't I? Didn't do much, though," he muses.

Pic Ross Halfin

STEVE CLARK (centre) flanked by Brian Wheat (left) and Jeff Keith (tattoo) from support band Tesla

IT'S 5.30 AT the Providence Civic Centre, and me, Joe and Ian Jeffrey are leaning on a barrier looking around the cavernous arena and reflecting upon the fact that Def cannot soundcheck. Union rules in the USA are tough: double time for working one of those numerous breaks demanded by US crews, and with this being a holiday too, it's just no go.

Joe doesn't look too despondent, however. He actually looks very well, resplendent in tweed-like long woollen coat and fedora-style hat, sipping water from a bicycle bottle.

"I can't seem to sleep at the moment, though," he explains, "I really need to get some sleep soon. I dunno what it is; might be because I've stopped drinking, I'm not too sure . . . "

"That's not it; I haven't been drinkin' for six months and I'm sleepin' alright," pipes up Phil.

"Maybe you're just thinking too much, maybe there's too much on your mind at the moment," suggests Ian Jeffrey.

"Yeah, that sounds about right. It's not like I'm ill or anything. I just know that I need to sleep more."

There certainly must be one helluva lotta pressure on Joe and Def, though actual *fears* appear to be minimal.

"I wasn't really afraid that we'd lost ground in America," Joe states. "I mean, of course you lose *some* ground, what with the Crües, Jovis and all of them comin' up, but once you make a name you don't lose it. I hope that doesn't sound too conceited, but it's true. And the fans here are just so loyal, they want you to do well. But maybe loyal is the wrong word 'cause that suggests that British fans aren't when they *are*."

Well, let's not mince it Joe; they only wanted to know you when you were already big and rich.

"Yeah, but don't forget that bloody loyal 16,000-odd group who were with us from the start."

The attendances for the first nine dates of Def's tour have been strong but not sell-outs. But before you start to mark the cards and write Leppard off, listen carefully. Having the stage in the centre creates four front rows, an excellent seat everywhere and, quite literally, an extra 4,000 seats per gig on average. Leppard have been roughly 3,000 seats off sell-outs in most places (the rest *have* sold out!), so get the calculators out kiddies and check it for yourselves. On a normal everyday arena circuit tour, y'know, stage-at-the-end-to-take-up-a-quarter-of-the-'sell-out'-crowd s**t, Def would easily be putting bums on every seat in the house.

Remember too the fact that the single in the US, 'Animal', is only just starting to kick into MTV and regional radio Top Tens, and that the album itself is starting to snowball wildly, and you'll see that 11,000 people in Providence's 14,000 capacity arena is a damn fine crowd. So when you read the filthy snide gossip in other sleazoid trash, just remember the facts, OK?

"Guess what?" Adrian shouts from the production office, "Phoenix just went on sale yesterday and they've done 10,000 already."

There's more proof for you!

7.45pm and support act Tesla's just burnin' them up on the round stage. Phil and fellow guitarist Steve Clark, the Bobsey twins, take a peek at the crowd before retiring to the dressing room where Ross is organising a quick session. Showers are being grabbed, vegetarian cheese is being nibbled and photos are being shot. Drink, however, is not being drunk. The Def Leppard tour isn't completely alcohol free, but with two not touching a drop and the band as a whole being professionals MK 1, there is no more than mineral water being guzzled pre-show.

8.45, and I'm way, way up in the seats 'n' clouds, on eye level with a giant hockey scoreboard, looking down on the now neon Kabuki curtain.

"*SA-ID a wel-come to mah shooooooow . . .*" screams Joe Elliott. Kabuki disappears, lights go up and there they are, Def Leppard, cavorting around the neon fluorescent floor with the assurance of supa supa stars. They slide around (yes, around as in 'circular') the stage on invisible carpets of Vaseline, Joe composed, relaxed and full of genuine enjoyment. He saunters 'n' skips up to one of those front rows, throws his arms aloft, screams, receives a deafening roar and hops back across to the centre.

Rick Allen sits bang in the middle, his drum kit on a circular pad atop a spine of three steps. Whilst the Crüe's Tommy Lee has chosen to go upside down, Rick rotates a full 360 degrees, allowing everyone a view of what has now become a quite brilliant drumming technique. Clark and Collen spit out the riffs to 'Rock Rock . . .', the crowd go ape and already, just three-odd minutes into the show, it's patently bloody obvious (even to the deceased) that Def Leppard and America not only remember each other but love each other way beyond mere infatuation.

'Women' is received like a die-hard regular, Elliott's cries met with a unified thrust of hands skywards and a choral chant that even surprises the band. The musical moments work brilliantly, the circular stage making sure that Leppard give the arena the *complete* runaround. There isn't a person here who can say that they didn't get a good view of

THE LEPPARD STAGE: the brainchild of Peter Mensch, creating four front rows and an extra 4000 seats per gig on average

Pic Ross Halfin

proceedings. As Leppard promised, every seat is now the best seat in the house.

A veil of superbly worked lights heralds the start of one of the star songs in this US set, 'Too Late . . .', both sensitive and majestic. Make no mistake, no matter how good the staging, it's moments such as these that remind you just how strong Def Leppard songs really are.

The 'return of the Thunder God' line signals the most impressive visual display of the night, a fan of green laser lights erupting all around Allen, creating a purple film-negative type image of the drummer amongst the green rays. Then come the laser games, beams shooting and bouncing off every corner in a matrix of visual perfection. F**k Pink Floyd and their two oh-so-boring beams, this, kiddies, is how lasers and rock were meant to be married, in one sweet display of technical ecstasy and excess.

Screens come down during 'Hysteria', allowing the title to be lasered onto canvas for all to see, whilst at the end of the irresistible 'Photograph', the winking figure of Marilyn Monroe projected on-screen is as fitting a tribute as anyone could pay.

The encore finds a gloriously free version of 'Good Golly Miss Molly' giving way casually to a bold, concrete-strong rendition of Zeppelin's 'Whole Lotta Love', Joe pushing the words out with poignant passion. Earlier, when he's asked the crowd if they were ready for some 'mass hysteria' he sure as hell wasn't just shootin' the s**t!

Overall, a colossal show gliding on invisible runners, displaying not one ounce of tackiness and exuding slick, superb professionalism throughout. Bands may come and bands may go, but Def Leppard never went anywhere once they were on top. Shame on anyone for thinking otherwise.

The band decide to make the six-hour drive to Philadelphia the next day, leaving the night free for a spot of carousing.

However, much to the displeasure of those of us who wouldn't have minded just a wee dram or ten, the f**king bar decided in all its infinite wisdom to shut on probably its busiest day of the year. My personal amusement for the evening was therefore confined to laughing at Sav's confession of being a Sheffield Wednesday fan and Joe's ardent love of Sheffield Utd. They obviously didn't watch any friggin' football in the three-and-a-half years it took to record 'Hysteria'. With alcohol a no-no, 'tis a case of early to bed and early to rise.

7.30 AM EARLY to be precise, with departure for Philadelphia at 10am. And there ain't one person who wants to be even a minute late onto the magic bus. Why? Welcome ladeez an' gentz to the Def Leppard 1987/88 World Tour Fine Party Fund, where any lazy bastard arriving late gets fined a dollar for every lost minute.

Pic Ross Halfin

PHIL COLLEN: "We did Donington that time (1986) and it was bloody amazing . . . I would put that down as a turning point"

"Rick Allen's goin' to be funding the whole bloody bash," laughs Collen gleefully, as Allen arrives late again. This morning's excuse?

"Well, I was stuck in the lift with this guy who kept on thinking he was at his floor, and . . ."

Yeah yeah Rick, just fork over the green-backs, pal! The surprise major contributor? Man-of-the-clock Mensch, who was a shocking eight minutes late. At roughly ten bucks a day on a tour that will last well over one-and-a-half years, there's no prizes for working out which is the party not to miss!

Joe still can't sleep.

"Pass me the humidifier an' don't disturb us, ta."

Joe uses the gizmo to prevent his voice drying up in the air-conditioned bus breeze, retiring for some six hours. Meanwhile, RH and Mensch are involved in an argument over The Who, Mensch claiming 46 viewings of them in their prime whilst Halfin calls 'Live At Leeds' the best live LP of all time. Clark and Collen are cracking up at the antics of Keith Moon on the video, and I'm just waiting for the final few heads to nod before I chat to Phil Collen.

Collen's attitude typifies Def Leppard and their approach to what is a damn important tour: he's relaxed, friendly, honest and chirpy, even when faced with questions of fear at hitting the US for the first time in over three years.

"I think it gets beyond fear when you've been away for the length of time we have," says Phil, "it comes down to realising that either it's still goin' to be there or it isn't. We felt that 'Hysteria' as a project was exactly what we wanted, so we didn't even worry about it 'cause it was either goin' to be hit or miss.

"It's obviously a bit strange playing the arenas again and we are still warmin' up to them, but that's just down to being a bit rusty and it's all comin' back very, very quickly. And, of course, that does have its plusses; when we come back to these places we'll be really tuned in and doing multiples (dates) hopefully."

And what about that stage. When, where, who and why?

"Well, it was all Mensch's idea, he came up to us and put it forward. Our first reaction was that it seemed a bit dodgy, but then suddenly it all started to make sense. It's the first time that a rock band has tried anything like this before, and to be honest it's good fun. When we get back to regular stages it's goin' to be a bit boring I

KONTINUEZ OVER

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

think; it don't 'alf create a vibe havin' all those people around you.

"As for the guy who actually built it, that was Charlie Cale; he designed our last stage which never actually was . . ."

Eh? What the bloody 'ell are you on about, Phil?

"See, we thought we were gonna be back on the road about two years ago, so we already had this whole stage set, but it just ended up rotting in some warehouse. Did you see or hear about the Stones' stage?"

Yeah, I remember that one.

"Well, it's along the same lines – a 'V'-shaped thing with runways an' all that . . . actually, we've talked about bringin' it back for those European dates in March. I think we should try and get some use out of it, really."

Playing 'in the round', as it's called over here, must've been more than disorientating at the start . . .

"Yeah, not 'alf! The first few nights on that stage we felt a bit shy; we didn't really click back into both the stage and the whole arena bit until Hartford (about eight dates in) the other night.

"THE REACTION of the audience has been very positive, especially towards Rick Allen. I thought he might have got a bit of that 'sympathy for sympathy's sake' bit, which is f**kin' annoying, but no . . ."

Yeah, the thought of an arena full of sympathy jerks is very very frightening.

"I mean, *we* didn't behave like that towards him, 'cause we ain't like that as human beings; we just gave him a kick up the arse and he practised like hell. People have been seeing him for what he is: a damn fine drummer. It might have been different if Rick had been like some struggling cripple but he ain't."

And how could we forget the momentous occasion when the UK finally decided to join the real world and appreciate Def Leppard en masse. Interesting, really . . .

"I think that Bon Jovi and Europe have helped accessibility on that level; before I think there was a lot of snobbery, sort of like 'they're English but they're gettin' big in America' . . . but then havin' said that, America didn't 'alf give us a break!

"Then we did Donington that time (1986) and it was bloody amazing; it was like 'f**king hell, they're givin' us an easy time', which was brilliant. I think they could see that we were graftin' away, so I would put that down as a turning point.

JOE ELLIOTT: "We're still trying to get through to parts of the Mid-West. There are still places in Texas where they bloody well wear flares!"

Pic Ross Halfin

And what about living with the same songs for another two years:

"Well, we 'ad this problem with the actual album, gettin' tired of stuff and tryin' to find new ways through, which is where 'Mutt' Lange came in and offered us awareness and a fresh approach. So live it's goin' to be a case of doin' the same thing and keepin' it *fresh*. We've actually rehearsed a s**t load more songs, like 'Billy . . . ', '. . . Shotgun', 'Love And Affection', and we can always bring back stuff like 'Wasted', so when we hit some of those multiple dates that's when we'll start to mix the set around. I think that it's a cool thing to do; it will be good for us and for the fans who come to more than just the one show."

Is this band ready for two years of road crawling after nearly four in the studio?

"Oh, we can take it, 'course we can. We've got it in our heads to do it . . . we pulled the album off, didn't we?!"

THE DEF dressing room is currently a bundle of cables, boxes and monitors, Rick Allen and Sav waiting for the MTV crew to roll. MTV, having heard about the show, etc., are all over Leppard, and this will be the first of many meetings with the band over the next couple of years.

Joe ain't talkin' to them, though; his throat's a touch sore and he feels it needs a bit of protection. However, he does talk a bit about the crowds, with which he's more than happy.

"I mean, in Glens Falls we pulled 8,000 in a city of 120,000 and in London we pulled 12,000 in a city that holds 9 million . . . now that can't be bad, can it? I mean, look at it another way: we're still tryin' to get through to parts of the Mid-West. There are still places in Texas where they bloody well wear flares! So to do a consistent 8-10,000 on the first leg of a tour that will be comin' back isn't too bad."

Def Leppard killed the Philadelphia Spectrum with their winning stealth and killer moves. Def Leppard will, *can*, only get better and better, and by the end of the tour at least 50 aspiring young bands will have packed it in, realising that Leppard cannot be touched.

After four years of cheap imitation, the real f**kin' McCoy is back!

Def Leppard sold out the Meadowlands in New Jersey the next night, and for the most succinct analysis of this band I'll leave you with the Joe Elliott stage rap that preceded 'Photograph'.

"You know what? I've been over 'ere for about two weeks now and I can't believe the crap that's on the radio. Classic rock? If you want classic rock, this . . . is classic rock!"

He's right, y'know.

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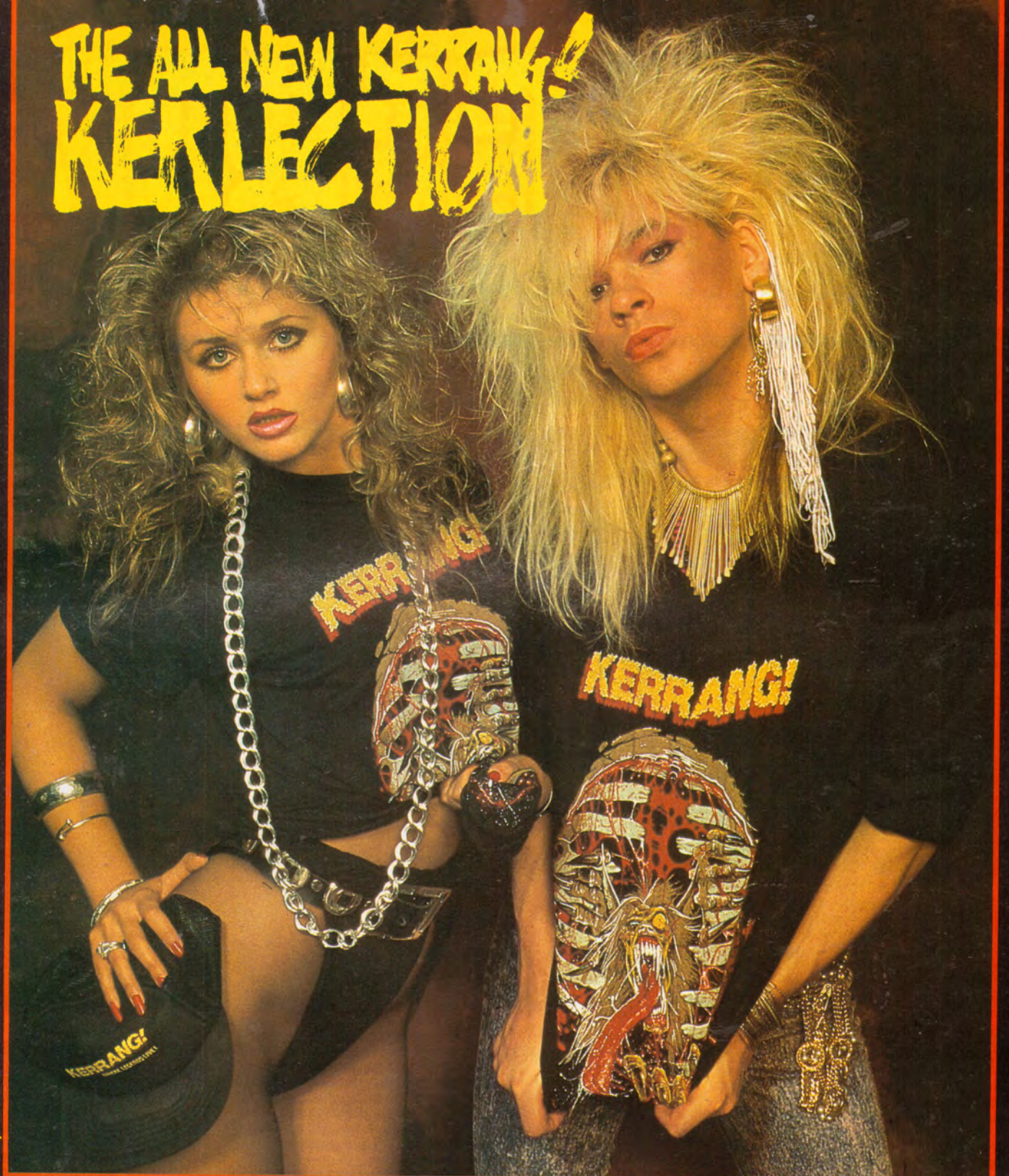

Pic Ray Palmer

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'FAST & FURIOUS

'BOYS 'N' BOMBS: real riot house stuff . . .

MAMA'S BOYS (Pat McManus, Keith Murrell and John McManus): no looking back . . .

Pix Ray Palmer

MAMA'S BOYS
Whitla Hall, Belfast

TALK ABOUT being caught in a Mosh, this was more like being squashed under the armpit of a giant sweaty Sumo wrestler!

Unbelievably rabid in their devotion, the Belfast crowd demonstrated quite unashamedly that the new look Mama's Boys are more than welcome in their hearts any day of the week – and what's more they even invited 'em back for two encores!

Over in Ireland (both North and South) Mama's Boys are treated as something rather special. Homegrown heroes if you like, keen to carry the golden tradition of Irish Rock (*viz* Horslips, Thin Lizzy, Gary Moore) one stage further, both musically and geographically, with sights set clearly on worldwide domination. And heavens, they certainly have the potential to do just that. But frankly, with fan enthusiasm of this level, it's hard to understand whatever possessed the lads to leave their native land in the first instance.

Driving to the gig gazing out across the Belfast skyline, my thoughts turned to the drastic shift in the Mama's Boys' musical style. How would they accommodate the addition of both a new vocalist in Keith Murrell and keyboard player Alan Nelson (ex-Jagged Edge)? How would they incorporate older material into the set? Would their intensely loyal following be receptive to a more subtle and melodic rock direction?

There was really little to worry about because, like I've already indicated, the crowd returned a frantic vote of total confidence.

Without wishing to labour the point, I reckon Keith Murrell's fantastic voice has added a totally new perspective to the Mama's Boys scheme of things, giving them a dynamic cutting edge and new-found direction that should propel them to heights never previously contemplated.

He's a hard worker, too. Not content to flex the best lungs this side of Steve Perry, he races around the stage, throwing his arms to the clouds at every available moment. Watching him had me gasping for breath . . . and then the blighter had the gall to get me singing along!

Exploding onstage in a sea of dry ice, Mama's Boys kicked the whole damn gig into gear with a cracking new number snatched from the 'Growing Up The Hard Way' opus titled 'Hot Blood' – a right royal rave-up with a simply staggering riff and gorgeous hookline.

The next song had me rolling aroung the dirty timber floor in a puddle of my own making. With Pat McManus cheekily pumping out a blistering chord sequence the band crashed into 'Promise To Call', an old Airrace (Murrell's previous outfit) chestnut, something that I had never, even in my wildest dreams, expected to hear again.

From that point on, with the audience firmly behind them, the show took on even greater perspective demonstrating clearly that Pat, John and Tommy McManus are completely at ease with the new MB format. More musical freedom, more smiles and better songs . . . like the superb 'n' sleazy 'Bedroom Eyes', the snappy 'Black Listed' and the hit single that never was (simply because it's too damn good) 'Waiting For A Miracle'.

And the older, reworked numbers? Well, the band offered a sensible selection opting to showcase updated versions of 'Gentleman Rogues' (with Tommy on vocals and Keith running around the stage cajoling the crowd like a lunatic), the rocking bravado of 'Lettin' Go', 'Lonely Soul', a neat blues number allowing Pat to explore his frets (the synthaxe has been dumped you'll be pleased to note), and – inevitably – 'Straight Forward'.

Needless to say the band were championed back for a blast furnace encore consisting of the ethnic jingle jangle of 'Needle In The Groove' and a wipeout version of 'Mama Weer All Crazee Now'. Real riot house stuff with more pyro explosions during the climax than Kiss pack into a whole set!

A great gig. And with a stage show this strong Mama's Boys should have little trouble convincing Britain, the rest of Europe and especially America that they are ripe for the big time.

Small town boys make big noise? Yeah, seems like it!

DEREK OLIVER

RORY GALLAGHER
Hammersmith Odeon, London

THE ATMOSPHERE is quite electric. The air vibrates with anticipation as people await the arrival of Rory Gallagher, wielding his battered but trusted 1961 sweat-soaked Stratocaster.

The houselights dim and the capacity crowd (yes, it *was* sold out!) rise to their feet in a cloud of cigarette smoke and discarded orange juice beakers.

With the energy of a nuclear explosion Rory Gallagher hammers his axe in a sort of madcap tuning pique and then slams his way into the ear lobes of every devoted fan in the joint. The result is a dynamic and devastating, not to mention shocking, declaration in musical and non-musical terms that he can still cut it by being as relevant in 1987 as he was treading the Marquee's boards in 1967.

Hunched over the guitar in a black leather jacket (minus, for fashion freaks, any sign of a lumberjack shirt) Gallagher pumped out a bucket full of classic cuts that spanned his entire recording career, working up a red face in the process and soloing like you just wouldn't believe. The only low spots (not that they were *that* low, mind you) appeared during the blues songs. Here, Rory rattled his technique to the edge of human endurance resulting in some songs imploding under the sheer weight of sinful face pulling and never-ending guitar solos. They were good for sure but was there really a need to spend ten or 15 minutes proving the point? I think not.

A long show, over two and a half hours, meant we got value for money but I'm of the opinion that just five minutes of this man's precious time would be worth a tenner at least. We got him cheap, we got him on form and we also got a smashing acoustic set too. Just like the old days but better.

Is Rory Gallagher in danger of becoming, er, fashionable again? Could be, could be . . .

DEREK OLIVER

JEROD
Marquee, London

DELUGE. THE beginning of a week of rain. The drenched and the believers crept in off Wardour Ocean to gaze at Jerod, biblically named guitarist, built up in some sections of the press as the second coming.

But before his arrival, a word for support band Panama, another young act at the Del Boy end of the spectrum who made neat use of some nice melodies with their twin guitars. Promising stuff, worthy of checking out.

And so to Jerod. Compared to Hendrix at one end of the line (understandable insofar as he's black and plays a white, right-handed Stratocaster upside down) and George Benson (inexplicably) at the other, he has a large cross to bear before he even starts.

Sadly, on tonight's evidence Jerod's name does not merit a mention in the company of either of these giants, or any other.

Songs like 'I Say Yes', 'It's Alright' and 'Rock Hard' are as limp and unoriginal as their titles suggest, and Jerod's solo guitar playing is not strong enough to carry them.

He's fast and flash on the up side, but on the down, his tone is bland, heard-it-before, cranked-up Marshall, and he rarely bends a note when he can play ten million others in its place.

Jerod has talent, but I fear it will remain locked away until he drops the second-rate impressions and plays from his heart. A disappointment.

JON HOTTEN

PAUL DI'ANNO'S BATTLEZONE
Wellington, Shepherds Bush

EVER WONDERED why Paul Di'Anno has consistently failed to capitalise on his early success with Iron Maiden? Yeah, so did I until I saw the man in action with his Battlezone boys at the rancid Wellington, where it all became blindingly clear. Put simply, Di'Anno continues to surround himself with undistinguished, unworthy musicians, and until he starts to employ some real talent he's gonna be continually treading water. Of the present Battlezone line-up only ex-Persian Risk drummer Steve Hopgood leaves any lasting impression.

It's rare that a drummer can hold the attention for more than the odd quick glance, but Hopgood's trusted twists 'n' twirls were an infinitely more interesting spectacle than the actions of his fellow band members. Movement onstage was greatly curtailed by lack of space, leaving little room for throwing shapes and posing. The resultant traffic-jam under the minimalist lighting looked highly ridiculous at times. The sound mix was equally cluttered and chaotic, with the over-exposed bass drowning out guitar solos and occasionally smothering Paul's vocals.

Naturally the latest album, 'Children Of The Night', featured heavily in the set, as did the previous 'Fighting Back' release. A handful of numbers managed to bring a smile to my lips, namely 'In The Darkness', with its lilting Maidenesque introduction, and 'Rip It Up', a vicious rocker heading for Thrash territory, showcasing Steve Hopgood's thunderous pummel prowess.

Generally there was too much riffing without any substance, lots of let's-plod-away-and-see-what-happens vacant powerchords searching for a decent tune. The audience remained strangely unmoved throughout the proceedings, like something out of 'Children Of The Damned'. It took the familiar strains of 'Running Free' to finally get 'em going. This energetic airing of the Maiden classic fully confirmed my belief that Paul Di'Anno is doomed to dwell in the shadow of his former band unless he can find songs as well-crafted as that early Maiden material.

He also needs to work on his presentation. Shuffling about and uttering a few 'kin 'ells ain't good enough for fussy devils like me. Still, Mr Di'Anno has my undying respect for the hilariously good-humoured way in which he handled the noisy heckling of lunatic Wolfsbane frontman Blaze who was lurking in the crowd.

MAURA SUTTON

TRIDENT
Preservation Hall, Edinburgh

IF YOU'RE searching for a good night out, look no further than Trident. It may take them two or three songs to get going, but pretty soon you'll be infected by a welcome virus of irresistible enthusiasm and humour – there aren't many bands who enjoy themselves onstage like this wild quartet from Kirkintilloch. And no other band I've seen, with the possible exception of La Paz, knows how to conquer the limitations of the Pres. Hall like Trident.

From the opening bars of the first toon it's clear that bassist Tommy Wilson is a hyperactive schizophrenic, assuming alternate Steve Harris and Geddy Lee personas. He's always on the move, always willing to use a dozen notes where two would do. He's out in the crowd, astride tables and chairs . . . and never far behind him is vocalist Martin McGuire. The two work perfectly together whether the moves are choreographed or spontaneous. What McGuire lacks in range and power, he makes up for with endless energy and vicious verbal intercourse (including a fine line in four-letter abuse). Meanwhile, guitarist Campbell Burns and drummer Graham Hendry hold the aural attack tightly together, with Burns releasing intermittent flashes of fretboard fire.

A year ago, most would have stared on in disbelief if a straight-ahead hard rock band like Trident played a medley of Cult songs. Tonight it came as no surprise – AC/DC's 'Highway To Hell' was even thrown in as an encore. Amongst the band's own material, 'Alcohol', with excellent backing vocals, 'Mystic Lady' and an extended, shoutalong 'Gimme Some Rock' marked high spots but 'See Me Tonight' took the biscuit – a brilliant bass line and a mature arrangement. On the negative side, the bottom end arrived just in time for the encores and the long set contained a few fillers – sometimes it's better to hit hard and fast than to grind an audience into submission.

With their songs owing so much to Quo and AC/DC, Trident may be accused by cynics of flogging a dead horse. Personally, I'd say they are thrashing the living daylights out of it. I defy any follower of the rock faith to dislike this band.

RICHARD HEGGIE

GENE LOVES JEZEBEL/GHOST DANCE
The Hummingbird, Birmingham

POOR GHOST Dance. The band arrived only minutes before they were due on stage and as such had to hit the boards *sans* sound-check. Can't pretend that it didn't show, with a rhythm-heavy sound blanking out much of the twin guitar attack, but by the time levels were sorted out it became obvious that Ghost Dance have plenty to offer.

Their sound is basically pop-orientated with rock overtones (Del Boy would probably love 'em) and that suits vocalist Anne-Marie's approach.

Tonight wasn't the best show they'll ever give by a long chalk, but there's enough on display to hint that they'll drag new converts down next time to witness the real thing.

Of course the brilliantly camp Gene Loves Jezebel are most definitely in the ascendent these days.

Newly shorn Michael Aston and guitar-toting brother Jay have a particularly distinctive vocal style and stage manner which does make Jezebel business that little bit special. The main problem tonight was the fact that much of the material seemed to turn in on itself, making sounds a little samey. Strange really, because there's plenty of variety on record. The singles 'Desire', 'Heartache' and newie 'Gorgeous' are all classics of their ilk but tonight they didn't jump out and grab you where it really hurts.

The Jezebels are very heavily song-orientated these days (a direct American consequence methinks!) but occasionally it leaves you feeling that there's too much sweet, sweet pie, and not enough white noise abandon. Sure, tonight's show was good, but it was also very poised, very 'don't let the make-up run with all the rockin''!

Still, who cares what I say, GLJ are on the way to big, big things!

HOWARD JOHNSON

THE HOOTERS
Music Hall, Frankfurt

IN THE band's press release, a short quote from the Hooters' keyboard player/vocalist Rob Hyman is a ready-made statement that goes some way in explaining why I found it so difficult to be drawn into this American group's show:

'Our influences come from all over. From Jamaica ska to Celtic folk and English classical rock, but essentially we are an American rock band, rooted in American traditions.'

Which is why at times the Hooters end up trying to mix such oil-and-water components as a medieval mandolin/tin whistle version of 'Greensleeves', a rather odd synth/mandolin interpretation of the Beatles' 'Lucy In The Sky . . .' and, occasionally, fine rock playing.

The really annoying thing is that they could probably be a good band. Rob Hyman has a husky but strong vocal, Eric Bazilian's vocal is equally powerful and he's also more than capable of cutting in with some extremely potent guitar licks, and hiding in the dark corners of their set are a number of songs that, given a slight re-working, could end up real belters.

Ultimately, the Hooters' biggest fault was that they tried just a little bit too hard to be crowd-pleasers, and in doing so ended up getting too close to becoming 'cabaret' than is healthy. Surprisingly for a band who have been voted "Best New Group" and "Best New Live Act" in *Rolling Stone* and *Billboard* magazines, their first encore (also their biggest gaff), featuring a medley of songs including The Who's 'Magic Bus' and 'Substitute', and an over-long 'jam' on the Stones' 'Not Fade Away' put them *dangerously* close to being considered little more than the sort of 'turn' you might find down at the local Working Men's Club.

PAUL HENDERSON

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GBH/MURPHY'S LAW/ DAG NASTY/ACCUSED
The Ritz, New York

DESPITE THE Metal/Punk Crossover, there were very few Metallers at this show; GBH, while appealing to many Metal fans over the course of the past couple of years, still have an audience mostly made up of Punks, and the rest of the bill was almost strictly Punk-orientated bands with only slight traces of a Metallic influence.

The exception were Accused, making their New York debut in support of their 'More Fun Than An Open Casket Funeral' opus, and their Speed Metal-tinged 'splatter rock' went down fairly well with the crowd, who were probably unfamiliar with the band.

A four-piece band, Accused generate a great amount of energy onstage, most of it from lead singer Blaine, who in his facial expressions, body language, and even looks, reminds me of VoiVod's Snake. That's a compliment, since I consider the serpentine one to be a fine and unique frontman. Blaine captures those qualities easily and his voice, a gravelly shriek, is on-target as well.

Accused ran through a quick selection from their three releases, the only thing missing being powerful drumming to nail it all down. The drummer seemed more interested in twirling his sticks than keeping a tight beat, and the band's power suffered as a result.

Accused were good, but I suspect they could be better.

Dag Nasty were next, and being totally unfamiliar with their music, I was impressed with their professional approach onstage and the catchiness of some of their songs. Like Blaine, Dag Nasty's singer didn't speak much between songs, but while performing he was watchable, if less energised than the Accused frontman. Musically, Dag Nasty veered between straight Hardcore and a kind of punky pop, which didn't always mix well and left some punters confused judging by the lukewarm reception.

A huge roar greeted the next band, as Murphy's Law are somewhat local heroes on the Noo Yawk Punk scene. Someone I was watching the show with told me he couldn't get into Murphy's Law because of their association with the skinheads and the political ramifications of such. But having no interest in the usually hypocritical politics of Hardcore anyway, I found Murphy's Law to be one of the best and most entertaining bands I've seen this year.

I saw them blow away the Beastie Boys way back in April, and if anything, they've gotten wilder. Lead singer and one-man circus Jimmy Gestapo started things off by bringing a 'beerball' (a large plastic ball – complete with tap – that is filled with beer) onstage and having a quick drink before spraying most of the stage and the front of the audience with beer. For the next hour, beer flew freely about the stage, as did numerous stagedivers who were a show in themselves. But Jimmy outdid them all with his own constant diving, and I admire the man's ability to sing and not miss a line while buried under a crush of bodies.

I find Murphy anthems like 'Beer' and 'Crucial Bar-B-Q' immensely appealing and funny, and they go hand-in-hand with the band's all-hell-breaking-loose stageshow. At one point, Jimmy manned the bass while his 'bodyguard' sang about the annoyance of 'Burnt F**kin' Toast' and new ex-Ludichrist bassman Chunk Valle continued the beer service to lucky fans at the front. That whole scene summed up Murphy's Law for me, and I can honestly say they left me grinning from ear to ear.

'You gotta have fun', goes one of their most popular songs, and boy, do they live up to it!

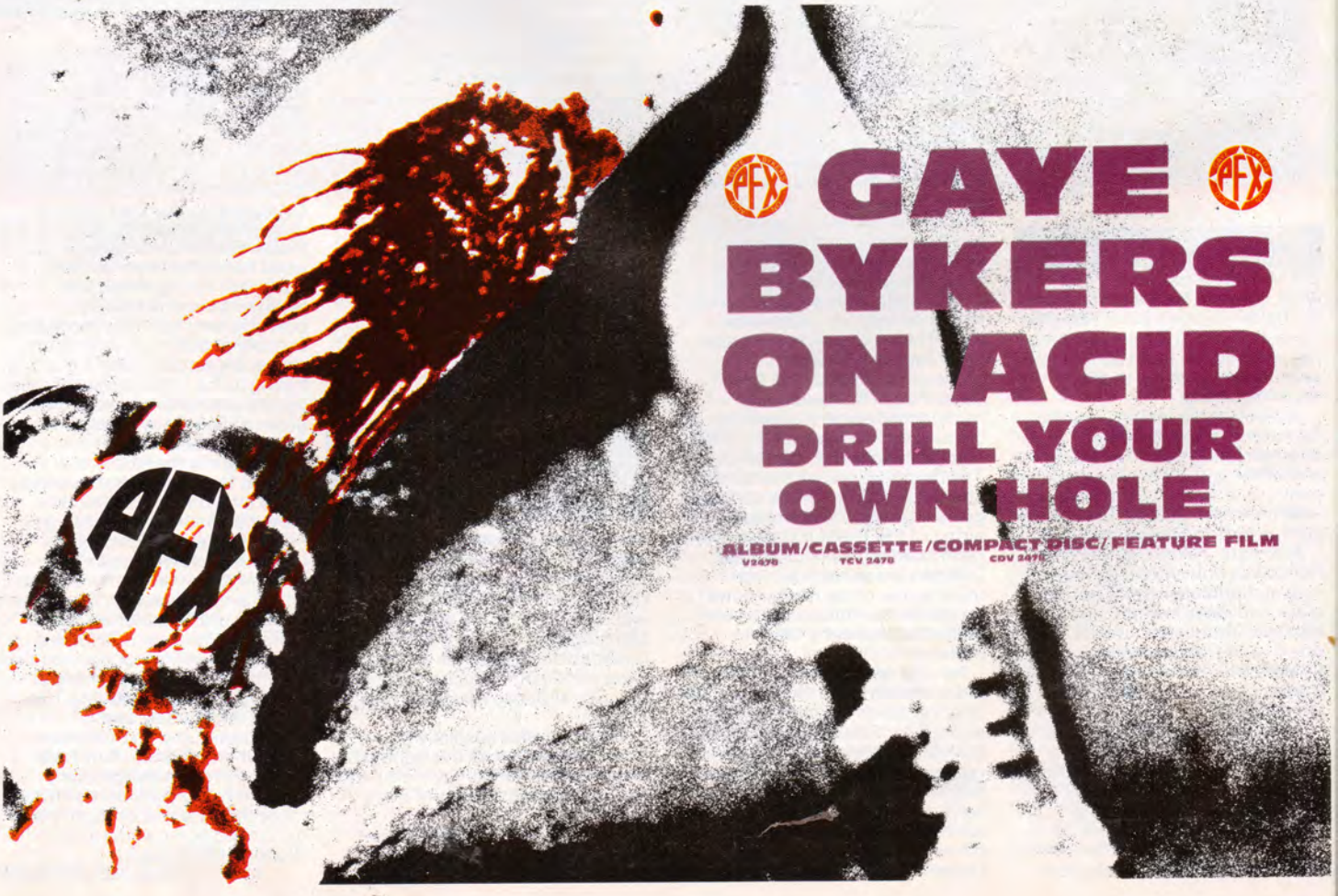
After the pandemonium of Murphy's Law, GBH were at first almost an anti-climax.

Their set got off to a noticeably slow start, but on the fourth number, singer Colin came to life and began relating much more to the crowd and to the material, with the rest of the band, and finally the audience, following suit until Colin reached his own peak some 20 minutes later with a somewhat aborted dive into the photo pit.

I'm not too familiar with GBH's material, but they certainly play some electrifying old-style Punk, with 'Seed Of Madness' being the standout for me. They've been around for ages, but they're at a point where they can always deliver a solid show.

Introduced as "the last great British Punk band," they may well be just that.

DON KAYE



WIMPWIRE

Keyboard-krazed DEREK OLIVER tinkles his way through more less-than-Thrashing releases

THE HOTTEST news on the wimp rock scene at present seems to concern the imminent return of ex-**Europe** guitar maestro **John Norum** with his debut solo LP on CBS titled '**Total Control**'. Set for early November release (on Bonfire Day!), Norum has come up with a quite stunning record that manages to successfully fuse the rampaging guitar histrionics of, say, **Yngwie J. Malmsteen** with the songwriting pleasantries of Europe, similar in some respects to the wonderful advances made by Norwegian rockers **TNT** but not quite as melodic.

The album features ten rip-roaring tracks mostly co-written by Norum and bassist **Marcel Jacob,** but also including a blinding cover of the **Vinnie Vincent** song '**Back On The Streets**'. Not content with that, my advance tape also contains a spellbinding version of **Thin Lizzy**'s '**Wild One**', but apparently this won't be included on the album. Whether it is released as a single or in some alternative form remains to be seen, but suffice it to say it's a cracking cut featuring enormous gusts of guitar leaving one in little doubt as to the motive behind Norum's controversial split from the ranks of Europe at a stage when world domination was fast becoming a massive reality.

The other important news itching for a mention is the fabulous fact that two spiffing British melodic rock bands have definitely done the decent thing and taken it upon their starving shoulders to release 12 inches of self-financed vinyl.

First up for praise are **Blue Blud,** a convincing four-piece constructed from the remnants of **Trespass** and already featured in the hip pages of Wimpwire. Pressed on natty Blud Donor Discs and titled, rather luridly, '**Liquor 'N' Poker**', the EP features five tracks of energetic melodic Metal produced and engineered to a perfectly satisfying standard, evoking all sorts of comparisons from **Mötley Crüe** through **Van Halen** to now defunct Canadian hot rockers **Teaze.**

Primarily pressed purely for promotional purposes by the band's management, the EP will only be available in a limited quantity from that haven of AOR and violent Thrash Metal, **Shades** record shop in London. Give **Mr Hellraiser** or **Dave Constable** a buzz to enquire about cost and see if their comments match mine.

The other prime reason for celebration must surely be the release of a marvellous four-track EP by **Moritz.** Based in Horsham, Surrey, and led by swell guitarist **Greg Hart,** this six-piece band now featuring ex-**Cannes** guitarist **Dave Senczak**) whip up a fantastic full-bodied Americanised AOR sound that licks the cuban heels of glorious outfits such as **Player, Hotel, Toto, Grand Prix** and, no surprise, **Michael Bolton.**

JOHN NORUM: provides a rip-roaring ten tracks

Of the four tracks featured, you'll find at least two bona fide krackers in the shape of the mega epic ballad '**Can't Stop Loving You**' (makes **Journey** sound like **Air Supply**!) and the swift swing of '**Break It Up**' with keyboard smudges half-inched from Sir Michael Bolton's classic '**Fool's Game**' cut. Thoroughly recommended and available, so I'm told, from any halfway decent record shop (distribution by Pinnacle) as well as rock specialists Shades. Grab it now or forever hold your peace.

Before we dive headfirst into a batch of short album reviews, I've just got space to let you know about a couple of hot new UK bands. First under the spotlight is Leeds-based soft rockers **Arena,** a band already featured quite heavily in *Kerrang!*, who have recently undergone a major personnel restructure. Stripped down to a compact trio, the band now feature the phenomenal vocals of ex-**Sister Rose** man **Mark Scott** from Manchester whose sense of phrasing and range has added an entirely different and highly professional gloss to proceedings. Arena now plan to operate permanently as a three-piece, using session players for upcoming live gigs, and judging from the quality of their latest demo I'd suggest that this is one hell of a hot act. I'll keep yer posted.

The other seriously inventive act to have popped their heads around Wimpwire's door are high-wire rock 'n' rollers **Circus.** Clowning around the Manchester scene displaying roller-coaster dynamics and mighty melodic Metal (similar to **UFO** and **The Babys**), this impressive six-piece have been knocking about for some time but have only recently started to turn more important heads.

Incidentally, the band features drummer **Ade Dorsett** who, as any trivia fan should know, was until recently a member of loud indie rockers **Blood Money,** a band whose pinnacle achievement was releasing an album called '**Red, Raw And Bleeding**' on the Ebony label. A good band for sure who certainly deserve your support – so write and find out where you can catch 'em live and how you can get hold of their demo c/o **211 Broom Lane, Levenshulme, Manchester M19 3LX.**

Right, let's get clued up on a few new releases. My favourite LP this week, rather bizarrely I might add, comes from a new all-girl five-piece who go under the rather iffy monicker of the **Burns Sisters Band** (KKKK). Released on the Columbia label, the album contains a variety of styles but eventually settles into a solid melodic rock groove that pulls at various points from **Heart** through to **Cock Robin** (a Heavy Metal version). They may look like the **Bangles,** but with guitars that scream and ex-**Utopia** man **Kasim Sultan** banging the bass you'd have a difficult job getting them into the weekly pop rags. A well tasty record.

ARENA: now working as a three piece

Another superb American release is the debut album from newcomer **Scott Folsom.** Titled '**Simple Talk**' (CBS/KKKK), Folsom aligns himself with the raspy delights of '**Reckless**'-period **Bryan Adams,** delivering a delightful ten-track album of utterly superb songs. Helping him out on the writing front are a pack of Wimpwire heroes in the shape of **Martin Briley** (whose superb 1983 album '**Fear Of The Unknown**' on Mercury records is heartily recommended), **Ian Hunter** and – swoon – **Glen Burtnick.**

The standout cut, '**There She Was**', is a comprehensive stab at garnering mass commercial rewards without sacrificing critical integrity. A fine record alright and one that features bassist **Ivan Elias,** a man last spotted alongside Capitol rockers **Kings Of Hearts** who released an impeccable album in 1978 called '**Close But No Guitar**'.

Good news for **Diamond REO** fans now, as leader/vocalist/songwriter **Norman Nardini** has reappeared with a brand new album on the CBS label titled '**Love Dog**' (KKK). The only problem, however, is that Nardini has jettisoned his AOR pretentions in favour of a more gritty, raunchy rock 'n' roll style similar to a wacky combination of the **Georgia Satellites** and, er, **Dokken**! Better for sure than his last album '**Norman Nardini And The Tigers**' (1985), this one is produced by a clever amalgam of **Rick Derringer** and **Jeff Glixman (Magnum, Kansas,** etc) and also features ex-Diamond REO guitar slinger, the very wonderful **Warren King,** not to mention **Paul Shaffer,** a one-time member of **Desmond Child & Rouge**!

Finally, who remembers **Avion**? Yeah, not many of you I know, but don't let that put you off. Avion were/are a superb pomp rock/AOR band from Australia who released a smashing self-titled debut album in 1983 and then disappeared into obscurity. Thankfully, and contrary to rumours otherwise, they didn't pack it in but simply reshuffled their line-up and eventually released (earlier this year) a quite stunning follow-up album titled '**White Noise**' (EMI/KKKK). Boasting a natty pompy sound with more use of keyboards, the band have made a genuinely exciting record.

Sadly, they were dropped from EMI shortly after the LP's release and current plans, I understand, call for re-location in America. Let's wish them the best of luck.

Knaves From The Grave

You may imagine JETHRO TULL to be 'tweed-clad geriatrics', but with a 19-year career, the band remain fit, healthy and worthy of attention. MARK PUTTERFORD travels to Germany and finds at least one punter proclaiming that IAN ANDERSON and Co. are 'better than Mötley Crüe'(!!!)

"'OLD FARTS *firing on all cylinders*'. . . that's what I wrote on my postcard to Neil Murray," grins Don Airey, the much-travelled keyboard king now handling the ivories in one of our oldest, most unfashionable and maligned rock groups: Jethro Tull.

We're in Heidelburg, West Germany, where Tull are well into the second week of a European tour to promote their excellent new album, 'Crest Of A Knave'.

Mention Tull and many casual observers and half-witted hipsters will picture a one-legged, bug-eyed flautist and a bunch of tweed-clad geriatrics doddering over creaking rural tunes.

But people with reason to be far less biased than Don Airey will tell you that the monumental ignorance of such a pin-headed preconception is more unfair than ever now that the band have trimmed down and wised up to what they do best.

Ask those who packed Heidelberg's Rhein Necker Halle recently.....

'*Their best show for ten years*', '*A great concert*' and '*Better than Mötley Crüe*' (even Ian Anderson didn't believe that one!) were just a few of the comments I managed to extract from the punters after more translation difficulties than a free-for-all row at a UN meeting.

And it is indeed a fit and healthy Tull currently treading the boards, characterised by long-standing guitarist Martin Barre who has lost two stone recently and now looks younger than he did 15 years ago!

The Tull stage set is a much simpler one than those of contemporaries like Yes and Genesis ("We didn't want to exploit the people by having huge productions costs which would then have to be passed onto ticket prices," says Barre. "We think the music is the most important thing, and I'm sure our fans agree"), and the material is carefully culled from a 19-year back catalogue.

From the new album there's the bouncing bravado of 'Steel Monkey', the guitar-heavy muscle of 'Farm On The Freeway', the tongue-in-cheek epic 'Budapest' and the thundering 'Jump Start'. From the dim and distant past there's ancient favourites like 'Songs From The Wood', 'Thick As A Brick', 'Heavy Horses', 'Living In The Past' ("A song which we used to loathe from the days when we were – gasp! – POP STARS!" – IA), 'Hunting Girl' and a finale of 'Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll', 'Aqualung' and 'Locomotive Breath'. And weaved neatly in between there's solo spots and instrumentals like 'Serenade For A Cuckoo'.

Like all Tull shows there's a definite beginning, middle and end, as the band hit hard at the outset with an effective combination of oldies and newies, relax in the midpoint lull that accomodates Don Airey's dramatic keyboard solo, Doane Perry's drum spot and Martin Barre's 'Nelly The Revenge' (!) solo, and then go for the throat (or at least the neckerchief) from 'Too Old . . . ' onwards; the point at which the previously laid-back audience rush to the front and make like pools winners almost every night, curiously enough.

CENTRE-STAGE, Ian Anderson defies the balding and grey-bearded signs of old age with an amusingly manic performance peppered with all the familiar gesticulations and witty asides. Acoustic and electric guitars, cymbals, tambourines, flutes . . . he juggles them all like a maniacal medieval minstrel – being particularly adept on his trusty flute considering his handicap of a deformed little finger which prevents him from reaching top notes – and he acknowledges the applause with humble bows and imaginary forelock tugs.

There's an infectious sense of fun about Tull these days too (although bassist Dave Pegg seems to enjoy being whipped a little *too* much during 'Hunting Girl' . . .), and the band certainly hasn't lost its sense of humour. During a short Bach interlude for example, Anderson, Airey and New Yorker Perry act out a silly sketch involving a scantily-clad female, and for the middle section of 'Jump Start' the band's road crew file onto the stage with cardboard guitars in white coats and sun-glasses for some synchronised chorus-line head-banging à la Status Quo. Even old gimmicks like the balloons are treated self-mockingly; this time the giant orbs have '*Oh no! Not the balloons again!*' daubed across them.

After the show, as roadies scuttle around busily like beer-bellied ants, Ian Anderson scans the empty sports hall with one hand pushed deep into an old pair of brown corduroy trousers and the other clasping a smouldering pipe, quite happy with the way the show went tonight.

He's a quiet and mostly serious man – the complete antithesis of his stage persona – and in his lumberjack shirt, boots and sheepskin jacket looks every inch the farmer. He finds *Kerrang!*'s interest in the old folk rock band he began in '68 quite amusing.

"I promise you, you won't see any TV-smashing on the road with us," he says, almost apologetically. "We're just a bunch of old fogeys really . . . although actually I'm feeling quite chuffed at the moment because I found out the other day that some of the Chieftans are older than us!"

The band congregate and shuffle past the backstage door crowds, happily signing everything that's thrust before them, before climbing wearily into the small Volkswagen van that ferries them around. Dave Pegg jokes about the show – "We're not bad for our age, are we?" he laughs – and this opens the floodgates for a stream of 'age' jokes and anecdotes.

"We went to see Pink Floyd here a few years ago," Ian recalls, "and despite our attempts to conceal our identities by wearing these rather ethnic hats and having our collars turned up, we were spotted by some fans. We quickly gave them our autographs and told them to keep quiet about us being there . . . and then we

Pic Pete Cronin

***MARTIN BARRE:** looks younger now than he did 15 years ago (what the *@?! did he look like 15 years ago? – Ed.)*

"ROVER"

Pic Pete Cronin

IAN ANDERSON: "I'm feeling quite chuffed at the moment because I found out the other day that some of the Chieftains are older than us!"

discovered that they thought we were the Dubliners!"

BACK AT THE hotel, the band sit quietly in the bar reminiscing as usual. It would be easy to assume that Tull are indeed 'living in the past', but beneath all the self-deprecating humour there's a new sense of excitement brewing on the favourable feedback from 'Crest Of A Knave'.

"I don't think anyone in the band was too overwhelmed by the last album ('Under Wraps')," says Dave Pegg, "it was too complex for a lot of people. But we're all pleased with the new record and we're delighted other people are picking up on it too."

"This time we recorded everything in a much more relaxed, much more uncomplicated way," adds Martin. "I think we've used keyboards a bit too much in recent years, so this time it was good to get back to arrangements that were written around just the guitar and the flute. After being weighted down with complex arrangements on some of our previous albums, the fact that this one is much simpler and straightforward benefits the songs and makes them more immediate and accessible. It's the best album we've done for some time, and I'm enjoying playing more now than ever before."

That's easy to say, of course. But there's a sincerity about Martin Barre that typifies Tull's music, and it'd be difficult to argue with the widely-admired guitarist's new zest for live work now that he jogs three miles and does 200 sit-ups every morning before breakfast.

"I feel a helluva lot better at 40 than I ever did at 25," he beams, "and now I watch what I eat and drink I find it easier to stay fit. Besides, I thought I *had* to go on a diet and shape up when I saw all these new young Guitar Heroes coming along . . . because I mean, they've all got hair!"

Barre (who, incidentally, will be working on a solo album in the near future) is in fact one of the most highly-respected guitarists within his profession, with people like Ritchie Blackmore and Iron Maiden often raving about his work. But the unassuming Englishman isn't quite as enthusiastic about the music of new Guitar Heroes like Vinnie Moore and Yngwie J. Malmsteen.

"They're all fantastic players," he says, "and they're so over-developed they've learnt in five years what most older musicians took 10 to 20 years to learn. But these people are also very naive and immature musically, and I find the music they play incredibly bland and quite awful. They're beyond

KONTINUEZ OVER

Grave

FROM PREVIOUZ PAGE

their years in technique, but very backward in songwriting ability, and although they've learnt all the tricks, they haven't learnt how to put songs across using contrast, feel, colouring and so on.

"Gary Moore has got it just right; he writes really strong melodies and puts them over with a marvellous sense of interpretation. Vinnie Moore may be able to fit 64 notes into each bar, but I can only listen to about two tracks of that kind of stuff, and it leaves me unsatisfied."

WE LEAVE THE hotel bar without throwing up or smashing a single glass, and get some sleep before the long train journey to Munich the next day. The following night, at Munich's huge Olympiahalle, Tull go through their well-rehearsed paces again and leave a large, attentive and lighter-waving audience *thoroughly* satisfied . . . although again it's not until 'Too Old To Rock 'N' Roll' that most backsides leave their seats.

Tull's unique and quirky brand of rock doesn't always seem fully suited to such big arenas, but they triumph time and again through sheer professionalism. As Don Airey says:

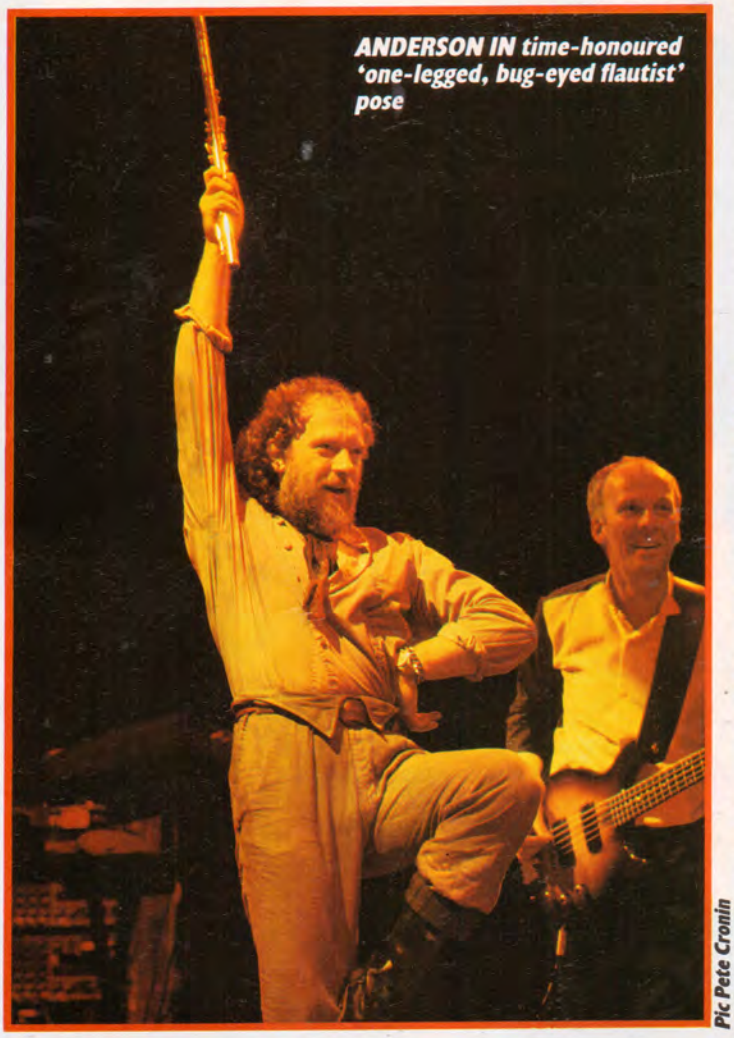
"I think they're the first proper 'band' I've played with, and I find them fascinating; no-one ever makes a mistake! You get these new bands doing great business in the charts, but people aren't flocking to see them live because in the studio it's all done on synths and drum machines, and live it's all so flat. It's product rather than people.

"With this band everything is so genuine and authentic because everyone can play so well, and I think that's why people are still flocking to see the band after nearly 20 years."

With the band preparing to leave for another European destination on this latest successful trek, Ian Anderson narrows his eyes and considers the perennial appeal of Tull as they approach the big Two Zero with another puff on his pipe.

"It isn't that surprising that new people are coming to see us all the time, because that's always been the case," he says. "But I am surprised by the people who claim to be influenced by us.

"I mean, we got a nice message from a band called Anthrax the other day saying they think we're great . . . and who on earth are Anthrax?"



ANDERSON IN *time-honoured 'one-legged, bug-eyed flautist' pose*

Pic Pete Cronin

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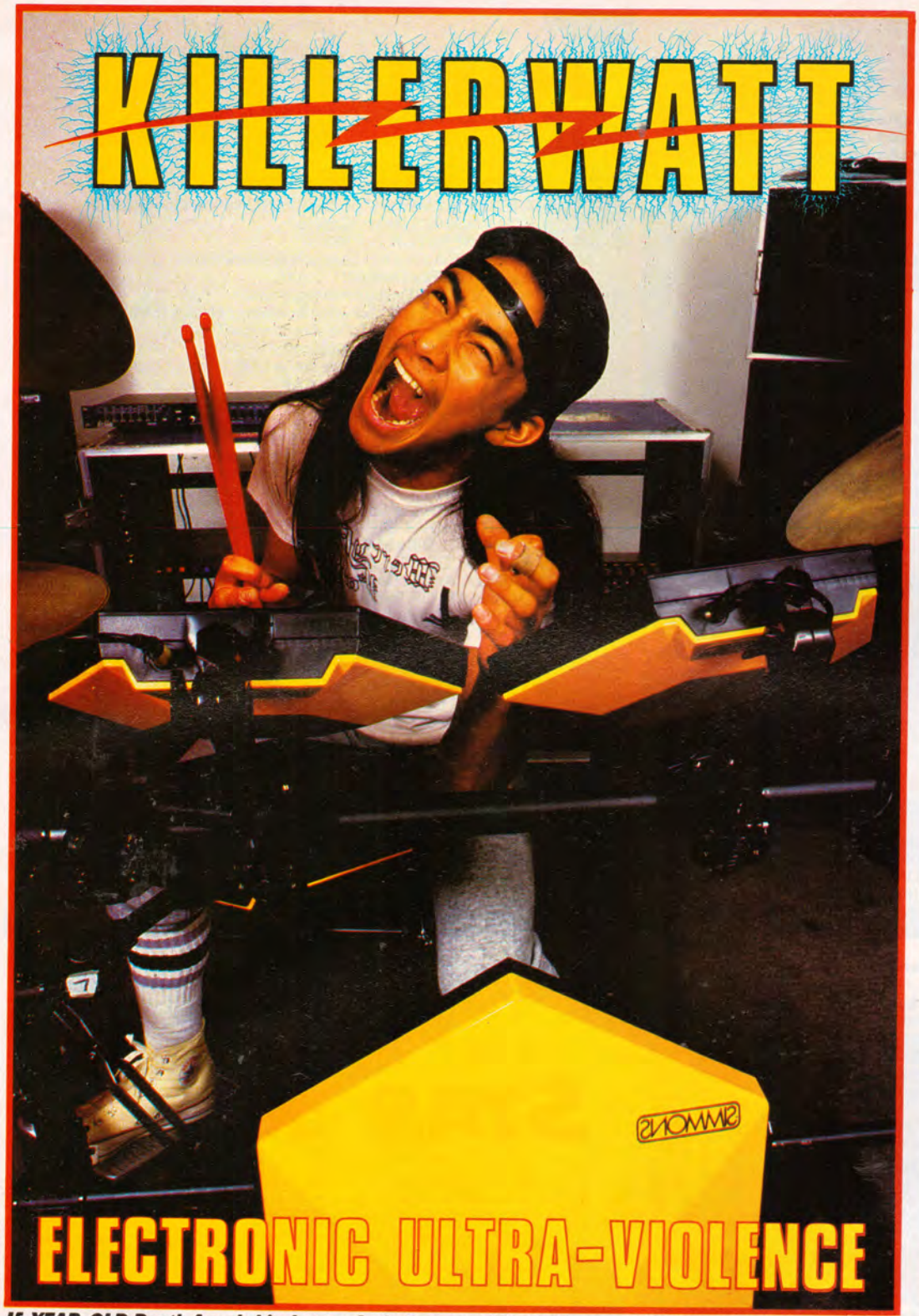

ELECTRONIC ULTRA-VIOLENCE

Pic George Chin

15-YEAR-OLD Death Angel skinsbeater Andy Galleon with the Simmons SDS 1000M kit: are electronic drums suitable for the 'niceties' of Thrash Metal?

SIMMONS SDS 1000M five-piece electronic drum kit RRP £750

HEAVY METAL drummers are a conservative breed when it comes to the new wonders of science. Show them an electronic drum kit and they say they prefer the traditional beasts of wood and steel. A huge flashy drum kit is an essential ingredient in the appearance of most bands, and electronics have tended to be associated with pop modernists.

But gradually the barriers are coming down, and we thought it would be fun to unleash a 100 per cent Thrash drummer, the fiery 15-year-old Andy Galleon of Death Angel, on a Simmons kit. The result was a deafening collision of technologies.

Andy, visiting the UK from the States for a one-off gig in London, was dragged jet lagged to Simmons' HQ in St. Albans. He soon woke up when he was sat behind the angular pipes and pads of the Simmons SDS 1000M, and after bashing the circuits out of them was taken on a conducted tour of the huge factory and met founder and inventor, the legendary Dave Simmons.

Lloyd Taylor of Simmons was our guide and helped explain the intricacies and potential of the SDS 1000M which is the lowest priced kit in their range. It has five pads with five factory-programmed drum kits using computer generated bass drum, four different digitally sampled acoustic snares and synthesised tom toms. It's also possible to program and store your own sounds on this kit, which costs £750 excluding the stands. Pearl hardware can be used or Simmons tube racks.

Andy, long black hair flowing, snatched up a pair of red sticks and launched into the kit in Simmons' testing studio as if he was at a Death Angel gig, roaring round the pads and baring his teeth. He had a bit of trouble getting used to the rather hard bass drum, clipping the edge of the pads and dropping a stick or two, until he got to grips with the unfamiliar layout. But he grinned with delight at the roaring thunder of the tom toms and staccato response of the electronic snare drum.

"This kit is more affordable for the average guy," explained Lloyd, "at £750 for a five-piece yellow kit. It has been available for 18 months but we recently gave it MIDI which increased the price by £50. MIDI (musical instrument digital interface) allows you to link the kit to keyboards, drum machines and samplers."

Andy listened intently as Lloyd told how with MIDI a drummer could play along with a sequencer and record himself.

"When you try an electronic kit for the first time it's very important to have the volume and physical feel. This kit has a bass, snare and three tom toms and uses different methods of synthesis to create a sound. The bass drum for example is generated by the computer, while the snare drum is a digital sample of a real snare drum. There are four different samples giving different snare drum sounds, while the tom toms are analogue sounds similar to those used on other Simmons kits. It has a 'second skin' sound underneath.

The kit has five pre-set full kit sounds which cannot be changed, but there are another five which can be manipulated by the player. Sounds can be changed by using a foot switch or a select button on the panel of the computer 'brain'.

After Andy tore round the kit at full Thrashing speed, I had a more sedate tap and was knocked out by the instant power beneath the fingertips, although there is no doubt the pads have a quite different, harder feel to normal skins, and it is not possible to reproduce 'rim shot' effects. Electronic drums require precise sticking as every beat counts and cannot be faked.

The pads are made from rubber mounted on wood, set in an injection moulded chassis, and fitted into the attractive external shell, with a piezo pick up inside. They are all the same size except for the larger bass drum pad.

Andy enjoyed his bash on the Simmons kit but wasn't entirely sure if the sound would suit Death Angel.

"Maybe for some things they would be good, but I wouldn't get a whole set for playing Thrash. Thrash drumming is different from rock or pop. You play a helluva lot more round the kit, and you have to feel the beat, and I like the 'feel' of acoustic drums. But electronics have the advantage that you don't have to keep buying heads every night – I'm always breaking skins – and you can also put a whole electric kit like the Simmons in one flight case. You don't have to cart a lot of cases around for each drum.

"I got some great sounds out of the Simmons and it was fun switching them around. When I first started out playing as a kid I didn't have any kind of kit. My mother played the bongoes and she showed me how to drum. I didn't have any lessons at all from anybody else, I just kinda picked it up. Playing with my cousins in Death Angel I've built up my technique, and sometimes it's a hassle being so young. I have to keep in the background so the promoters don't see me!"

CHRIS WELCH

SINGLES

1	2	MONY MONY **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
2	1	CRAZY CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Vertigo)
3	–	TIME STAND STILL **Rush with Aimee Mann** (Vertigo)
4	–	HERE I GO AGAIN **Whitesnake** (EMI)
5	–	I DON'T NEED NO DOCTOR **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
6	3	DUDE (LOOKS LIKE A LADY) **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
7	7	STEEL MONKEY **Jethro Tull** (Chrysalis)
8	5	VICTIM OF LOVE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
9	4	WHO WILL YOU RUN TO **Heart** (Capitol)
10	–	LET THERE BE ROCK **Onslaught** (Under One Flag)
11	6	POUR SOME SUGAR ON ME **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
12	12	SHAKEDOWN **Bob Seger** (MCA)
13	8	WELCOME TO THE JUNGLE **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
14	11	PAPER IN FIRE **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Mercury)
15	9	I LOVE THE THINGS YOU DO TO ME **Balaam And The Angel** (Virgin)
16	13	GIMME YOUR LOVE **MSG** (EMI)
17	10	BOHEMIAN RHAPSODY **Bad News** (EMI)
18	14	LOVE WILL FIND A WAY **Yes** (Atco)
19	18	WAITING FOR A MIRACLE **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
20	15	YOU ARE THE GIRL **The Cars** (Elektra)
21	16	DON'T LEAVE ME NOW **Vow Wow** (Artista)
22	17	WILD FLOWER **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
23	re	SHE SELLS SANCTUARY **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
24	27	ALONE **Heart** (Capitol)
25	22	THE $5.98 EP: GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED **Metallica** (Vertigo)
26	20	ANIMAL **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
27	–	I WON'T DANCE **Celtic Frost** (Noise)
28	19	THE LONER **Gary Moore** (10)
29	re	CREEPING DEATH **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
30	24	IS THIS LOVE **Whitesnake** (Liberty)

US HM RADIO

1	1	THE $5.98 EP: GARAGE DAYS RE-REVISITED **Metallica** (Elektra)
2	2	RAISING FEAR **Armored Saint** (Chrysalis)
3	3	HALL OF THE MOUNTAIN KING **Savatage** (Atlantic)
4	4	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
5	9	ROCK 'N' ROLL **Motörhead** (Profile)
6	5	VISUAL LIES **Lizzy Borden** (Enigma)
7	6	CHILDREN OF MADNESS **Paul Di'Anno's Battlezone** (Shatter)
8	7	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
9	8	CRAZY NIGHTS **Kiss** (Mercury)
10	12	RAISE YOUR FIST AND YELL **Alice Cooper** (MCA)
11	15	STEEL AND STARLIGHT **Shok Paris** (IRS)
12	10	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Mercury)
13	11	BREAKING THE SILENCE **Heathen** (Combat)
14	16	DANGEROUS ATTRACTION **Lion** (Scotti Bros.)
15	13	AMONG THE LIVING **Anthrax** (Megaforce/Island)
16	17	PERFECT TIMING **MSG** (Capitol)
17	re	ROCK YOU TO HELL **Grim Reaper** (RCA)
18	–	LEATHER WOLF **Leather Wolf** (Island)
19	14	THE KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART I **Helloween** (RCA)
20	re	HURRICANE EYES **Loudness** (Atco)

Compiled by Jem Aswad for the CMJ Music Report, 830 Willis Avenue, Albertson, New York 11507, USA.

INDIE METAL

1	–	TERRIBLE CERTAINTY **Kreator** (Noise)
2	2	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
3	1	LOOK WHAT THE CAT DRAGGED IN **Poison** (Music For Nations)
4	6	SPREADING THE DISEASE **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
5	3	RIDE THE LIGHTNING **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
6	8	BITTER FIT CRACK **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
7	5	KILL 'EM ALL **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
8	10	THE COLLECTION **Hawkwind** (Collector Series)
9	4	GET OUT ON THE ROAD **Dumpy's Rusty Nuts** (Metal Masters)
10	7	BRITISH TRIBAL MUSIC **Hawkwind** (State Of The Art)
11	re	BEER & SEX & CHIPS 'N' GRAVY **The Macc Lads** (FM/Revolver)
12	11	SPEED KILLS VOLUME III **Various** (Under One Flag)
13	15	FISTFUL OF METAL **Anthrax** (Music For Nations)
14	14	ON A STORYTELLER'S NIGHT **Magnum** (FM/Revolver)
15	13	THE PLAGUE **Nuclear Assault** (Under One Flag)
16	20	THE KEEPER OF THE SEVEN KEYS PART I **Helloween** (Noise)
17	16	SCUM **Napalm Death** (Earache)
18	17	HUNGRY HEARTS **Victory** (Razor)
19	18	HIGH PRIEST OF LOVE **Zodiac Mindwarp & The Love Reaction** (Food)
20	12	NO REMORSE **Motörhead** (Castle Classics)

ALBUMS

1	1	THE CREAM OF ERIC CLAPTON **Eric Clapton** (Polydor)
2	2	HYSTERIA **Def Leppard** (Bludgeon Riffola/Phonogram)
3	3	THE LONESOME JUBILEE **John Cougar Mellencamp** (Mercury)
4	4	A MOMENTARY LAPSE OF REASON **Pink Floyd** (EMI)
5	6	BAD ANIMALS **Heart** (Capitol)
6	5	BIG GENERATOR **Yes** (Atco)
7	7	CREST OF A KNAVE **Jethro Tull** (Chrysalis)
8	9	ISLANDS **Mike Oldfield** (Virgin)
9	–	FREE AS A BIRD **Supertramp** (A&M)
10	8	PERFECT TIMING **McAuley Schenker Group** (EMI)
11	11	PERMANENT VACATION **Aerosmith** (Geffen)
12	12	WHITESNAKE 1987 **Whitesnake** (EMI)
13	17	INTO THE FIRE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
14	18	RECKLESS **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
15	–	GROWING UP THE HARD WAY **Mama's Boys** (Jive)
16	10	BAD NEWS **Bad News** (EMI)
17	13	SLIPPERY WHEN WET **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
18	14	ELECTRIC **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
19	16	APPETITE FOR DESTRUCTION **Guns n' Roses** (Geffen)
20	15	LIVE . . . IN THE RAW **W.A.S.P.** (Capitol)
21	20	PYROMANIA **Def Leppard** (Vertigo)
22	19	CLUTCHING AT STRAWS **Marillion** (EMI)
23	22	VITAL IDOL **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
24	21	BAT OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
25	26	RADIO K.A.O.S. **Roger Waters** (Harvest)
26	27	DARK SIDE OF THE MOON **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
27	34	WHIPLASH SMILE **Billy Idol** (Chrysalis)
28	39	HEART **Heart** (Capitol)
29	re	CUTS LIKE A KNIFE **Bryan Adams** (A&M)
30	25	LOVE **The Cult** (Beggars Banquet)
31	35	DREAM EVIL **Dio** (Vertigo)
32	–	TERRIBLE CERTAINTY **Kreator** (Noise)
33	33	AMONG THE LIVING **Anthrax** (Island)
34	23	AMERICAN FOOL **John Cougar** (Riva)
35	44	TRICK OR TREAT **Fastway** (CBS)
36	31	ELIMINATOR **ZZ Top** (Warner Brothers)
37	45	7800° FAHRENHEIT **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
38	37	THE WALL **Pink Floyd** (Harvest)
39	re	MASTER OF PUPPETS **Metallica** (Music For Nations)
40	36	AUGUST **Eric Clapton** (Duck)
41	re	RUNES **Led Zeppelin** (Atlantic)
42	40	MECHANICAL RESONANCE **Tesla** (Geffen)
43	30	GIRLS, GIRLS, GIRLS **Mötley Crüe** (Elektra)
44	29	WILDSIDE **Loverboy** (CBS)
45	28	DREAMBOAT ANNIE **Heart** (Capitol)
46	41	HITS OUT OF HELL **Meat Loaf** (Epic)
47	re	AUTOBIOGRAHY **Supertramp** (A&M)
48	42	BON JOVI **Bon Jovi** (Vertigo)
49	24	SAINTS AND SINNERS **Whitesnake** (Fame/EMI)
50	32	HAI HAI **Roger Hodgson** (A&M)

STAR CHOICE

NICKY MOORE (MAMMOTH)
'PERMANENT VACATION' Aerosmith (Geffen)
'SO' Peter Gabriel (Virgin)
'GEORGIA SATELLITES' Georgia Satellites (Elektra)

NEIL MURRAY (MGM/VOW WOW)
'NATIVE SONS' Strangeways (RCA import)
'GO ON' Mr Mister (RCA)
'PRIDE' White Lion (Atlantic)

ABADDON (VENOM)
'PRIEST . . . LIVE!' Judas Priest (CBS)
'MASTER OF REALITY' Black Sabbath (Vertigo)
'NO SLEEP 'TILL HAMMERSMITH' Motörhead (Bronze)

MICHAEL SADLER (SAGA)
'MEET DANNY WILSON' Danny Wilson (Virgin)
'CRAZY' Ice House (Chrysalis)
'BARCELONA' Freddie Mercury & Montserrat Caballe (EMI)

IMPORTS

1	–	IGNORANCE **Sacred Reich** (Metal Blade)
2	–	USA FOR MOD **MOD** (Noise)
3	3	HOLD YOUR FIRE **Rush** (Mercury)
4	6	NATIVE SONS **Strangeways** (RCA)
5	–	SHADOWS OF THE WILDERNESS **Norden Light** (Sonet)
6	–	F**K YOU **Over Kill** (Atlantic Germany)
7	7	WILDEST DREAMS **Saga** (Atlantic)
8	–	RISING FROM THE SEA **Exumer** (Disaster)
9	1	AMBITION **Tommy Shaw** (Atlantic)
10	–	SECOND HEAT **Racer X** (Shrapnel)

NEXT ISSUE

Hold it right there! Nope, don't chuck the mag away yet, cos we've got some hot news! Yep, in true 'spend-a-bomb' *Kerrang!* style, issue 163 will contain yet *another* bank account-reducing freebie!

Gracing the cover will be a FREE flexi disc from those Irish wizards Mama's Boys (bassist John McManus, pictured right). In a tasteful sleeve, the flexi holds three sampler tracks from their Jive LP 'Growing Up The Hard Way', viz 'Blacklisted', 'Bedroom Eyes' and 'Higher Ground', totalling a mind-blowing six minutes of flexi frenzy! There's a spoken intro from Radio 1's Tommy Vance too, so buy, buy, buy!

Oh yeah, there *is* a magazine as well, and hiding behind a Black Sabbath cover you'll find an interview with the ole Brum boyz, as well as *tête-à-têtes* with Yes, Death Angel and phenomenal newcomers Silent Rage.

***Kerrang!* 163, on sale November 17, cover dated November 21. Can your record player *stand* another flexi?!!**

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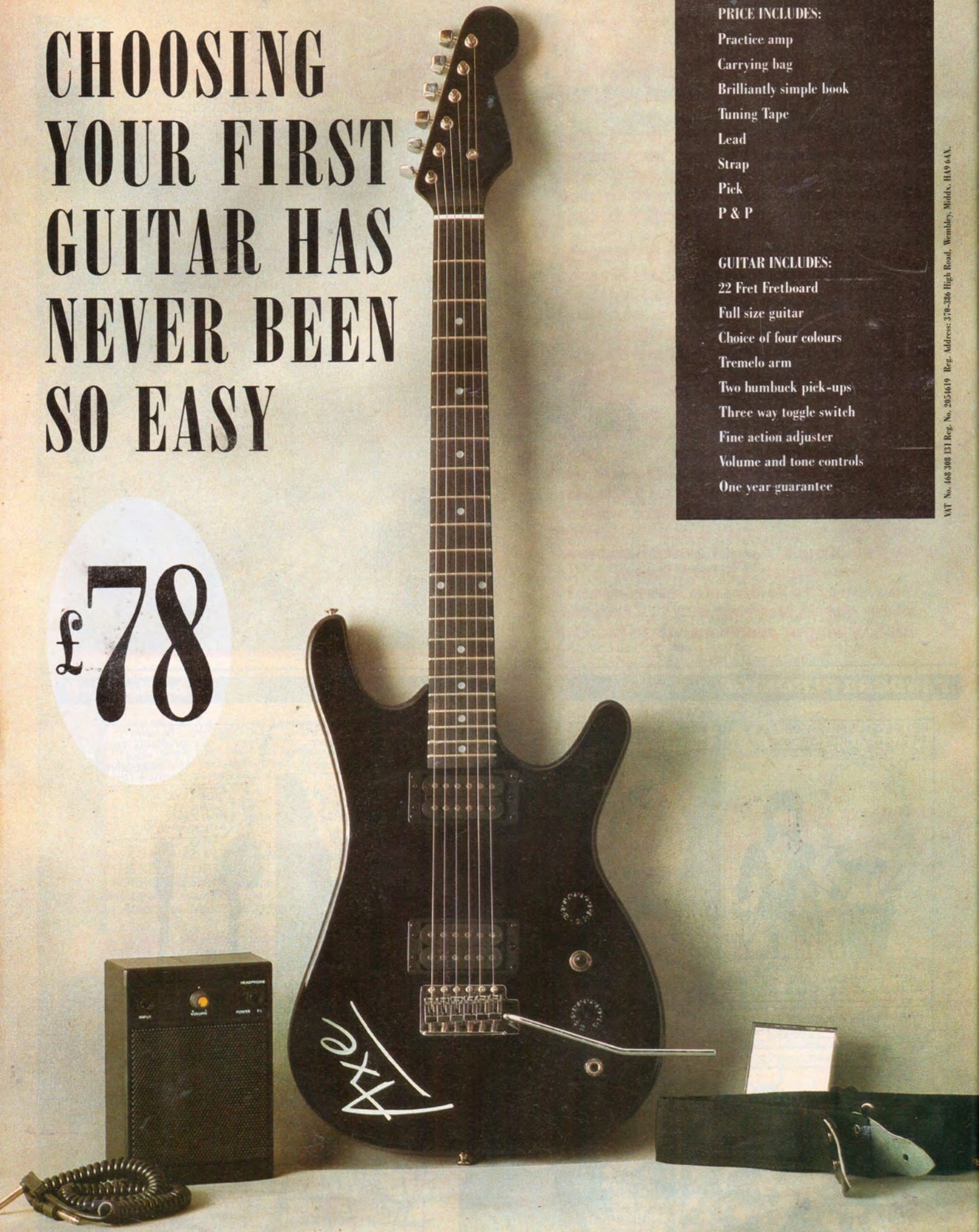

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